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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 30, 1898

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The four-page illustration (16×45 inches) entitled "Bird's-eye View of the United States Navy," which originally appeared as a Supplement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *has been printed separately on heavy plate-paper, with a "key," and a list of the ships arranged by classes, with armament, etc., and will be sent in a tube upon receipt of twenty-five cents.*

WE are glad to see from the proclamation from the State Department that the United States is not to be guilty of one barbarism of war, which we have the legal right to commit, however, by reason of the fact that we are not parties to the Treaty of Paris under which privateering was abolished by European nations except Spain. Our government has proclaimed that we will not disturb neutral goods in enemies' ships, or enemies' goods in neutral ships, except contraband of war; although we are not bound to do this by any treaty obligations, we are by the laws of civilization, and if Spain does not meet us on this ground, Europe may probably interpose, to this extent at least, on behalf of its trade.

THERE are many reasons why Continental Europe should sympathize with Spain in the present difficulty, and not with the United States. This country has outraged European traditions and has threatened European colonial holdings on this side of the water; but there need be no fear that Europe will intervene against any of our demands or pretensions. No European country wants our enmity, and all want our markets. When the time for intervention comes it will be Spain that must yield to the demands of Continental Europe, and not the United States. So far as moral sympathy is concerned, however, whatever that may mean, the United States must rely on England. If we are to trust newspaper reports at all, even the South American republics, including Argentina, prefer Spain to us, mainly, we fancy, because we have made commercial war upon them, as upon the rest of the world.

WE presume that the statement of the Queen-Regent, in her address from the throne to the Cortes on Wednesday last, not only expresses the feeling of the Spanish government and people, but also the belief of most of the Continental powers of Europe. We have given evidence that annexation is not popular in this country by the pressure that was brought to bear upon the Senate, resulting in the defeat of the resolution annexing Hawaii. We have also stated in the resolution of Congress which declares war upon Spain that we disclaim "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof." We owe it to ourselves to fulfil this promise in letter and in spirit. The republic cannot afford to go to war for greed. It is going to war for the sake of humanity. This is the thought and the passion of the people, and whatever may be the ultimate designs of certain scheming politicians, the people's purpose must be carried out now and after the war shall come to an end.

THERE is no doubt that the war will have a tendency to retard, and perhaps prevent, sound action on the currency question. Since the international situation became acute, very little has been heard from the House Banking and Currency Committee on the bill to which the Republican members of the committee, or a majority of them, have agreed. We trust, however, that now that the business of declaring war and making the first and most important preparations for it has been accomplished, and that the question of ways and means comes to the front, it will not be forgotten that more than usual vigilance is essential on the part of the friends of sound money. The existing disorganized condition of our finances is a legacy from our last war, and if matters drift, if, indeed, they are not taken in hand firmly and in a manner which will arouse popular attention and command popular support, we shall again have the evils of irredeemable paper, and what will then be the lesser evil, that of a silver standard.

It is of the first importance that the House should at once pass a currency bill as good as that of the Banking and Currency Committee, in order that the Senate may have the aid of popular opinion on that subject before the war has advanced very far.

IT is very clear, from the military reorganization that is suggested by the new volunteer army bill, that after the trouble with Spain we will probably be a stronger military power than we have been, and that the influence and strength of the central government at Washington will be greatly increased. If the country is to engage in foreign wars, it must of course have a stronger military arm than it has yet possessed. Jealousy of the regular army, when carried to an excess, was, at the best, a foolish survival of a remote time when the republic was first established, and when regular armies and monarchical institutions were essential to each other; but it is clear now that the Federal government cannot depend upon State militia; not because members of the militia of the various States are not good and loyal citizens, but because they really belong to the States and not to the nation, and are naturally jealous of their independence and anxious to maintain their own organizations. When they volunteer in large numbers they will prove again, if proof were necessary, the firm devotion of the American citizen to his government. This was to have been expected. Perhaps there would have been no difficulty encountered if the President had tried to send the National Guard, as a National Guard, out of the country. But there was a question of law in the way, and questions of law that can be avoided must not exist to encumber military operations. Therefore it is clear that the strength of the military arm of the central government must be strengthened permanently, because now that we have entered upon war there is danger that we will get in the way of war. We have begun to change our national policy, and with that change we must face its inevitable consequences. We must be prepared for emergencies, and must consent to pay the cost of such preparation.

THERE is a good deal being said on both sides of the ocean in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. Baron POLLOCK, the Corpus Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, favors it, as does MR. E. J. PHELPS, ex-minister to England and Professor of Law at Yale University. Such an alliance is doubtless very remote, but the argument in favor of it is a strong one. We do not, of course, wish to entangle ourselves in existing European complications, in which Great Britain finds herself involved, therefore it would be out of the question to consider an alliance offensive and defensive. We could not, for instance, consent to follow the English Jingoes in their strong desire to make war for the maintenance of free trade in China. But there is another side to the question, and one which it is well to consider. Baron POLLOCK and other advocates of it believe that an alliance of the English-speaking people of the world would make for peace. And if an alliance could be made in pursuance of which all English-speaking peoples would agree that an assault by a foreign power upon one of them would be an assault upon all, we doubt not but war would become a very remote possibility, and that the efforts of Continental powers to limit the expansion or to take away the territory of Great Britain in Asia and Africa would come to an end. There is a good deal of sentimentality in the expression that blood is thicker than water, but we think we know English-speaking people, and we believe that if an alliance shall ever be made of the kind suggested it will not be based wholly upon sentimental considerations, but largely upon strictly business principles, although there is really much truth in what Ambassador HAY said at the Easter banquet at the Mansion House in London: "The good understanding between us is based on something deeper than mere expediency. All who think cannot but see there is a sanction like that of religion which binds us in partnership in the serious work of the world."

NOT many American newspapers have criticised the findings of the Board of Inquiry on the disaster to the *Maine*. But there has been criticism, and that of a very venomous character, its unfairness being accompanied by very clever treatment. We are convinced, from intimate knowledge, that the investigation was conducted by our officers in a most dispassionate manner, and that from as thorough an examination of the ship as was possible the evidence of an outside explosion was convincing. The sketch of the projection of the keel, for instance, showed that it was blown upward, and how it was blown upward; and the sketch of the broken keel, which was made by diver OLSEN, is of overshadowing importance. The presumption that this board of officers was moved by a desire to shield brother-officers from a charge of negligence is very mean, and is based apparently on utter ignorance of the character of American naval officers. The *Maine* board set out to find the exact truth, and searched for it from the evidence which they were permitted to have before them. They investigated the wreck inside and out. One critic has objected that they did not find electric wires which would prove the presence of a mine. It was impossible, of course, for the board to dredge the harbor for wires, because its jurisdiction was confined to the ship. Another critic has objected because the board did not invite the Spanish authorities to be present at its investigation. This accusation is misleading. The board called on the Captain-General, and it was expressly arranged that Spanish officers should be allowed to be present and hear all the reports from the divers; but they got tired the second day, and came no more. There is no doubt in any intelligent and unprejudiced mind that the report of the board is the honest conclusions of able men intent only on doing their duty, and to American minds the report is conclusive.

OUR WAY AND EUROPE'S.

CONGRESS did not heed the request of the President, but, on the contrary, it refused to give him another opportunity to secure by peaceful methods the practical or eventual evacuation of Cuba by Spain. It insisted that Spain should go at once, and that Cuba should no longer remain even under her nominal authority. This meant war. It was in effect an act of war.

The time has gone by for criticising or questioning the forces which brought us to the verge of war. They were active, persistent, raging forces that took advantage, for their own ends, of a latent cause of war which need not have been aroused, which, indeed, might have been destroyed peacefully, and by the eventual accomplishment of what, let us hope, will be the speedy end of war. For the moment we dismiss the politicians who sought for party advantage at the cost of the lives of their fellow-countrymen, as we dismiss also the meaner creatures who were for war for the sake of the gains which war will bring to their coffers. We are content to stand with the people, without whose aroused and righteous indignation, and hatred of brutal tyranny, and love of human liberty, all the follies of Jingoism, all the knaveries of politics, and all the greed of commercial vultures could have accomplished nothing. The people who must fight the battles of the war, who must die for the country, who must pour out their treasure, who must bear the burdens, command our love and admiration, even when they are mistaken.

The American people are at war because Spain deserves to be driven from the continent. Europe can tolerate this relic of mediævalism, this inventor of the Inquisition, this lover of bull-fights, because Europe is tolerant of bigotry, ignorance, and cruelty—not only tolerant of it, but helpful to it. Nations that sustain the Sultan on his throne, and that are robbing China, and pilfering land wherever the opportunity for grabbing presents itself, cannot find Spain a disagreeable neighbor, and perhaps no European power except England would have found Cuba an unpleasant neighbor—would not have been disturbed by the stories of the starving victims of WEYLER'S order, or by the knowledge that murder of the most atrocious kind was perpetrated there in the name of civilized warfare—if there be such a thing. But the people of the United States could not stand it. Whether they were wise in incurring the awful material and moral cost of war to put an end to the evil was once a question. It may again become a question when the time shall return for dealing once more with some of the abhorrent forces which have hastened war. For the moment it is not a question. The people have decided that, cost what it may, an end must be put to the evils of Spanish rule in America, and not one American of all those who hoped that Spain might be driven out of Cuba without the exercise of force by this country will deny that Spain has richly earned the hate which is felt and manifested for her by the people of the United States. The story of her rule in Cuba, in peace, has been the story of robbery; in war, it has been the story of murder. The people of the United States have had enough of it. They will have no more of it.

Europe—England excepted—criticises both the occasion for the war and our manners in entering upon it. The occasion for the war is indignation excited by atrocities committed by Spanish rulers upon the people of a neighboring island. Continental Europe says that we have an ulterior and selfish purpose, and that in the end we will annex Cuba to the United States. In this we believe that Europe will eventually admit that it is mistaken. The country has recently shown its opinion of annexation of foreign territory in its treatment of the scheme of adding the Hawaiian Islands to our territory. If ever a war promised nothing but loss to the country that began it, it is this which the United States has begun against Spain—in which we have everything to lose and nothing whatever to gain—and this is true, no matter what may be the result of the conflict. Whatever material thing the war may cost, this country will completely lose. There is nothing to gain except the ending of the misery and the misrule in Cuba, and of its cause, by the expulsion of the guilty government. It may be true that we may have entered the conflict with a directness, bluntness, and vigor of speech that is not pleasant to the ears of the trained and circuitous diplomats of Europe. We are a straightforward people when we are aroused, and doubtless we are not pleasant, often not to ourselves, when we come to the conclusion that the time for action has arrived, and that every effort to delay us is merely trickery. But it is fair to ourselves, even fair to our screaming Congressmen, to call the attention of our critics to the fact that we have endured much; that we have shown much patience; that our executive power and our navy did their full duty in endeavoring to prevent filibustering; and that at the last President McKinley upheld both the honor and dignity of the nation with a power and firmness that have not recently been displayed in Europe. We have our faults, and we are willing to admit them. We are not proud of Congress, but we are proud of the President, and though we have tried to persuade the people to take a different course, we deeply admire their sincerity, and we know the honesty of purpose with which they are entering into a war for humanity's sake, out of which can come nothing to them, besides their sufferings and their sacrifices and the after evils of a war, except the satisfaction of having rid the continent of the most cruel barbarians who exist outside of Turkey.

We are not averse, either, to drawing a parallel between the conduct of our own country and that of Europe. Our own House of Representatives is not yet so bad as the Chamber of Deputies at Paris or the Reichsrath at Vienna. But there is a wider difference still when we come to contrast the manner in which Europe has met the problem presented by the Turk, the barbarian of southeastern Europe, and that in which we are meeting the problem presented by the Spaniard, the barbarian of southwestern Europe. The six great powers were in a better position to deal with the murderers of the Armenians than we are for dealing with the murderers of the Cubans. They constituted the regular and recognized police force for the suppression or punishment of Turkish barbarities. They did not have to intervene against the rules of international law in the interests of humanity. They were called upon to intervene by the provisions of a treaty to which they had all agreed. Moreover, the Armenians were the victims of pure assassination. They were not in insurrection against their government. They were being killed in cold blood by the emissaries of the government. No act of theirs could stop the murdering. But the Cubans had invited the killing by an insurrection. They were killing, in their turn, Spanish troops, and they could have put a stop to the murdering at any moment by yielding to the Spanish Captain-General. It was infinitely more incumbent upon the European powers to intervene in behalf of the slaughtered Armenians than it was for the United States to intervene in behalf of the suffering Cubans. The people of Europe were horrified by the wickedness of the Turks, as the people of America were by the crimes of the Spaniards. The newspapers and pulpits of England thundered against the iniquities for which they held the Sultan accountable. The eloquence of Mr. Gladstone aroused his people to angry denunciations of the Salisbury government. But all this was in vain. The European powers would not interfere in behalf of the Armenians, because they knew that the moment they did they would fall to cutting one another's throats over the spoil; and also, to prevent a general war over plunder, they refused to permit the Cretans to free themselves from the rule of the Turk, while they assented to the humiliation of Greece. Europe could not do its duty for the cause of humanity, because the greedy jealousy of its powers rendered it impossible for them to be moved by high designs and lofty and disinterested purposes. But the United States, on the other hand, undertakes a task to which it is not bound, from which it can reap no material gain, and sends its forces out to put an end to cruelty and wrong. European diplomacy may be polite in its cold-blooded selfishness, while the American Congress screams like a crazy woman. But the people go into our war for what they believe to be the right, and, whether they are right or not, the atmosphere of their passion and their hate is much more wholesome and stimulating than is that of Europe looking coldly on while Armenians perish.

THE POLICY OF THE CARLISTS.

Since 1833 five revolts in Cuba, two in the Philippine Islands, two in Porto Rico, two devastating Carlist wars and eight or nine minor rebellions in the same cause, a war with Morocco, and the deposition and restoration of a monarch have been the chief events of Spain's history. And it is indisputable that, apart from a natural inability to colonize in accordance with the feelings of the nineteenth century, much of her misery has been due to the shameless tampering with the right of succession which Ferdinand was betrayed into sixty-five years ago.

One or two features are common to all Carlist risings. They occur only when Spain is in difficulties, and they gather round them the active support of the men of the northern provinces and the sympathy of the mass of the peasantry. The army and upper classes have generally stood by the throne; the Church has remained fairly neutral, though there is reason to believe that the accession of the present pretender would greatly strengthen its temporal power. Even against these odds the cause of the exiled kings has twice triumphed over its adversaries in Spain, and had it not been for the interference of European countries, the Spanish throne would long ago have been in the hands of its proper possessors. Monarchies have a common interest and sympathy in seeing that pretenders, once ousted, should remain so, and the Carlists have never been able to enlist the good wishes of Europe. It is not likely that this isolation will prevent them from putting their fortunes to the hazard once again. The time is wofully ripe. With the flower of her army dead on the shores of Cuba, involved in a struggle with a power infinitely her superior in material resources, harassed by an overburdened and disaffected peasantry who are pandered to by a knot of Tammanyized military adventurers, bankrupt, distracted, and deserted, Spain's condition is one of fast-approaching dissolution. The present dynasty has exhausted its mandate. A war with America means an inevitable and disastrous defeat. A yielding to America is a betrayal Spanish pride could never permit itself. It would precipitate at once the rebellion that firm defiance to the United States may yet postpone for a few months.

In either case the occasion gives to the Carlists an opening of which they are publicly willing to avail themselves. Towards the end of last year an article appeared in one of the English magazines, signed by two of the most prominent Carlists, the purpose of which was to win over English sympathy in the coming struggle. Don Carlos has himself issued various manifestoes of late, undertaking to remain quiescent only so long as Spanish honor is preserved untarnished. As the alternatives before Spain are submission or defeat, and as either will involve a severe shock to Spanish honor, it may be taken as certain that Don Carlos is simply biding his time, and is prepared to strike at the first favorable moment.

What are the chances of his success? The great obstacle that has confronted the Carlists in the past has been the Spanish army. To-day the Spanish army, so far as concerns its efficiency in repelling a domestic invasion, is practically non-existent. There remain two difficulties—the temper of the Spanish people, and the possibility of foreign interference. Under the first head, it may fairly be said that a monarchy is the only form of government that Spaniards can live under. They have tried a republic, and it broke hopelessly over the incapacity of the people to understand it. They have tried a military despotism, and it led to anarchy. After every experiment they return to the monarchical system as the one best suited to their instincts and temperament. At the present moment Spain is split up into a score of parties, each following its own leader. There is the Queen Regent's party, the Sagasta party, the Weyler party, the Blanco party, the Campos party, the Republican party, and many others. From this mass of conflicting factions there may easily arise an agreement on a new and untried man like Don Carlos. Moreover, the Church is predisposed towards him. Don Carlos is a Catholic of the Catholics, with the strongest belief in the efficacy of the Church as a governing agency, and a marked intolerance towards Protestantism. The internal conditions of Spain are therefore favorable to his success.

On the actions of the powers in the event of a Carlist invasion it is difficult to speculate. That the Emperor Joseph will do what he can by diplomacy to maintain his relatives on the Spanish throne seems assured from his recent proceedings; and England's possession of Gibraltar, and her interest in the preservation of Portugal as a separate nation, may possibly, as they have done in the past, make her averse to any violent upheaval. But the policy of the powers will undoubtedly depend on the attitude of the Spaniards themselves towards the pretender. It would be a serious matter to attempt to expel him from Madrid if the Spaniards welcomed his advent as their one chance of escaping a long internecine struggle. The issue remains in doubt; but that the Carlists will not let the opportunity slip by without a bold effort to regain what they consider their rights is as certain as anything can be.

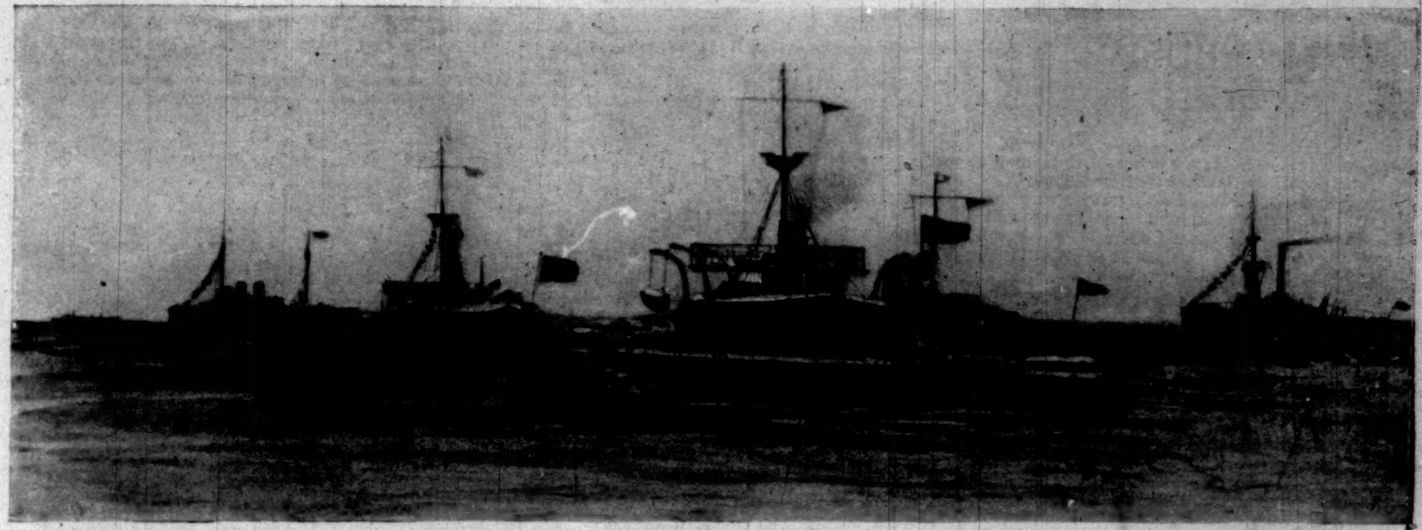
A TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

There has been a great deal of noisy talk about "patriotism" in Congress and in the press for the past two months. It must be owned that much of it, both by the sources from which it has proceeded and by its inherent quality, has illustrated Dr. Johnson's cynical definition of the sentiment in question. We have from time to time endeavored to apply the test of reason to some of the more violent ebullitions of what represented itself to be the only genuine article. But there is one test which can be applied with a degree of certainty approaching infallibility. A man who shows himself willing to make personal or party sacrifices in the cause of his country is a true patriot, according to his lights. The cheap variety of patriotism which refuses any sacrifice is a sham.

There will shortly come up a question which will give an opportunity to a large number of members of Congress, who have been talking about their patriotism, a chance to prove that they possess it. The special appropriation is nearly exhausted, and it will be necessary to negotiate a "war loan." The question is whether that loan shall or shall not be negotiated upon the most favorable terms. There is no sort of doubt about the facts. An obligation expressly payable in gold will be a much less burdensome obligation than one ambiguously payable in coin, and meant to reserve the option of repaying gold or silver. It is the same question which came up three years ago, when the President was forced to buy gold to maintain the reserve in the Treasury. Mr. Cleveland at that time laid before Congress: In order to put the Treasury in possession of $65,000,000 in gold, a four-per-cent. "coin" bond could be disposed of at a price which would make the rate of interest three and three-quarters per cent., or a three-per-cent. gold bond could be disposed of at par. The saving of interest by the issue of the latter, during the twenty years the bonds had to run, he showed, would amount, upon the proposed issue, to $16,000,000. He gave Congress the opportunity to save that amount to the nation, impressively reminding it that "the sentiments or prejudices of those with whom we must negotiate in disposing of our bonds are not subject to our dictation."

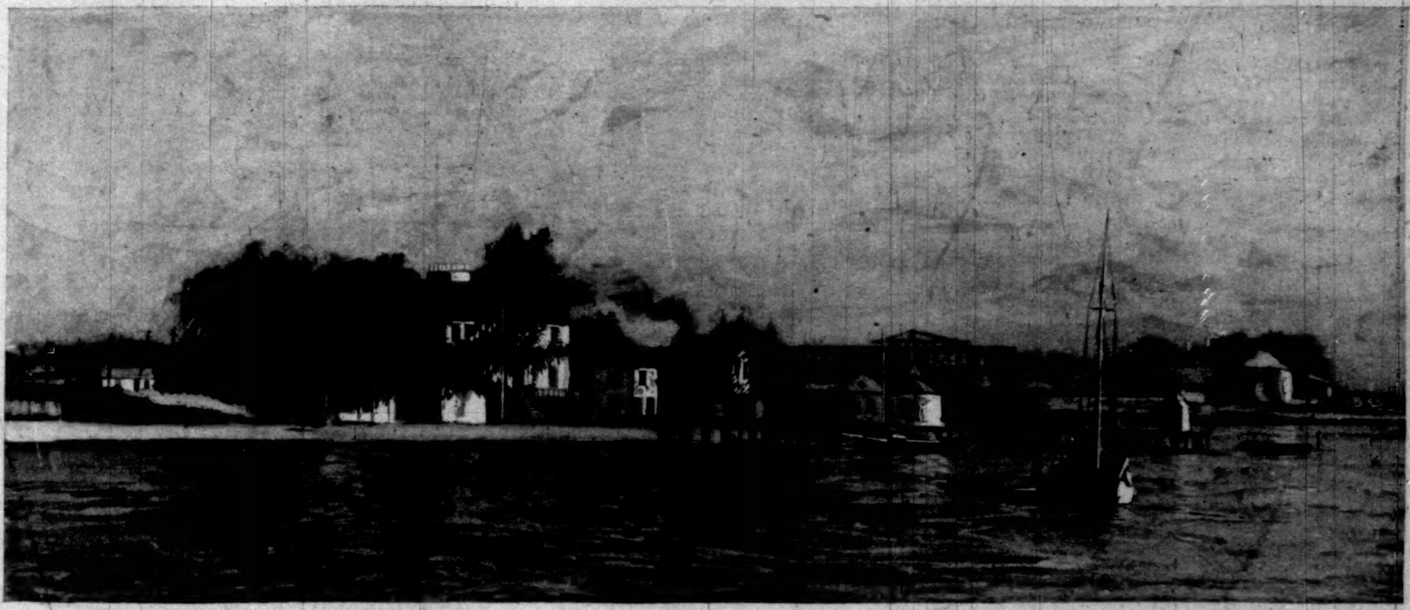
Now the same question recurs, and those who were the "silver Senators" of 1895 are asked whether they will again, as they did then, prefer their own "sentiments or prejudices" to the demonstrable and demonstrated saving to the nation of a great amount of money. The situation has entirely changed. The proposal to enact bimetallism by the United States "without the aid or consent of any other nation" was then a political issue. It has been removed by the votes of the people of the United States. "Bimetallism by international agreement" was then a dream which to many persons had the illusion of reality. It has since been utterly dispelled, so that nobody any longer pretends to believe in it. A vote now that "coin bonds" instead of "gold bonds" shall be issued to meet the expenses of the war will be a vote to reaffirm what an inflationist of a past generation called "a barren ideality" at a cost of many millions of the money of the people. A Senator who votes thus to cripple the resources of the nation will be so plainly a public enemy that his pretension to be regarded as a patriot will become merely impudent. Can it be possible, after all that has come and gone since February, 1895, that there can be found in the Senate enough public enemies to defeat the negotiation of a loan on the most favorable terms to the nation?

THE UNITED STATES REGULAR INFANTRY, PAST AND PRESENT.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

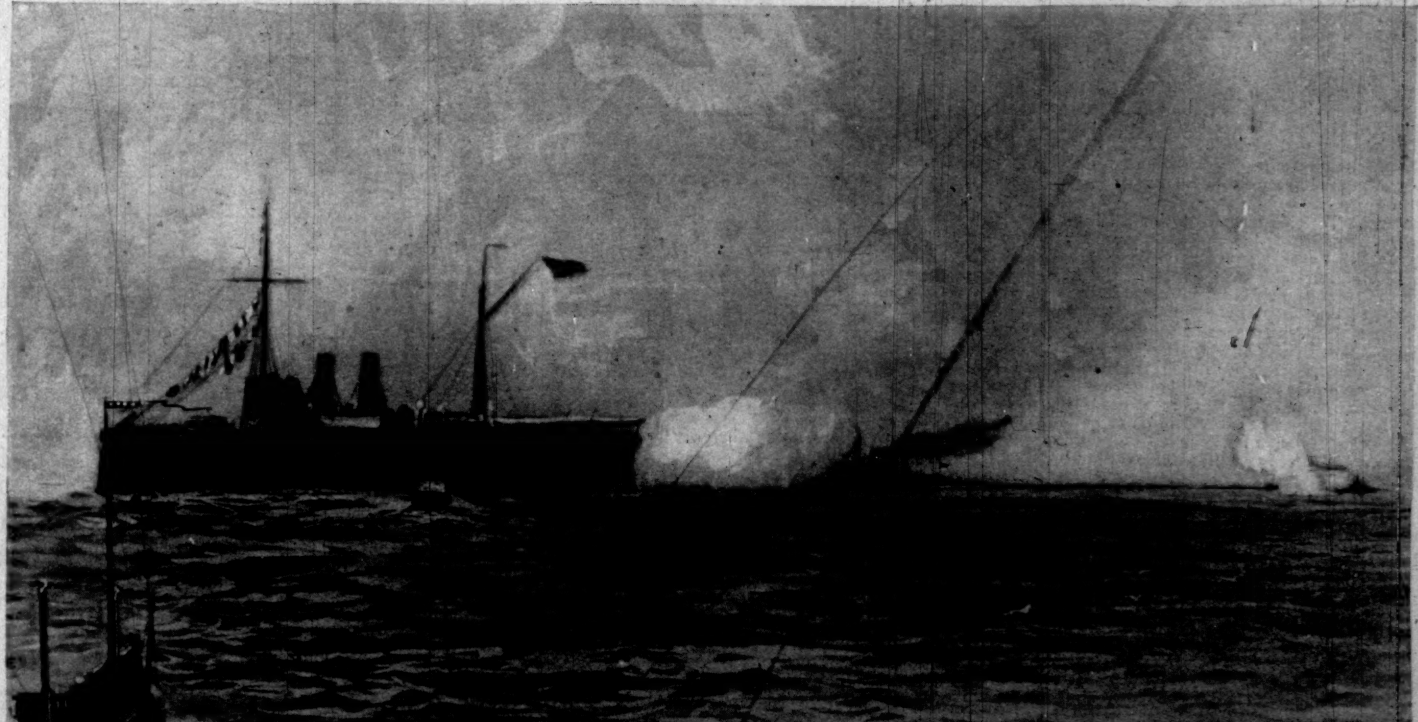


"Castine." "Cincinnati." "Terror." "Amphitrite." "Puritan." "Helena."

THE THREE GREAT COAST-DEFENCE SHIPS READY FOR ACTION.



QUARANTINE STATION. NEW FORTIFICATIONS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



THE "MARBLEHEAD" AT SECONDARY-BATTERY GUN-PRACTICE—SHOWING THE EFFECT OF A SIX-POUNDER SHOT ON A SAND KEY TWO MILES DISTANT.

WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT KEY WEST.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE mind of the average human being does not hold many impressions at once. When one idea or thought is prominent, other considerations for the time being become faint. No doubt that accounts for the recent variations of sentiment which many readers of the WEEKLY must have noticed both in themselves and others anent the consuming question of war with Spain. It is not a pretty common experience among those of us who have had no personal share in shaping the course of events that we have wobbled very much in our feelings, and that what we have felt pretty sure of one day we have been apt to feel less sure of the next day, and that whenever a particular uncertainty culminated in decision the drawbacks and inexpediencies of that particular decision have presented themselves to our minds in squadrons and platoons, and have made all other possible decisions or indecisions seem preferable by comparison?

If any of us feels dejected because matters have fallen out as they have, let him seek solace in self-questionings as to what his feelings would have been if they had fallen out otherwise. When the choice is a choice of evils we must not be surprised if the outcome does not wholly please us. Most of us have felt the shiver and the sinking of the heart which come naturally enough in the presence of war, and we have heard Congress upbraided for its action and the Jingoes denounced for goading Congress on. In contrast with the ills we know other ills dwindle. Let us remember that what has been done has been done in the interest of a purpose with which most of us were strongly in sympathy, and let us ask ourselves how we would have liked it if our government, instead of going forward, had fallen back. We have heard the moans of the lovers of peace over the impulsiveness of Congress; we have not heard what would have been said if Congress had shown a lack of zeal for Cuban freedom. Neither do we realize what our own feelings might have been if the hand once put to the plough had been withdrawn. It may be that we would have felt worse in that case than we do in this.

We have felt the horrors of an uncertain peace acutely enough during the past month to make the horrors of war, if not actually welcome, at least highly interesting as a change. We shall not immediately get over the feeling that our war with Spain is a scene from an *opera-bouffe*. It still seems unreal. The civil war was an "irrepressible conflict" long before it broke, and people's minds must have been somewhat prepared for it, however sudden may have been the boom of the gun that opened on Fort Sumter. But this affair with Spain, though some of us have long thought it inevitable, to the majority of tranquil people has come like a thunder-storm on a summer day, and though for a month or two we have foreseen it with our minds, we haven't with our hearts.

Well, it is a very bad condition that is worse than uncertainty. We have had uncertainty for weeks, and, after the situation became critical, it was exceedingly depressing. There is no fun in uncertainty, no sport, no comfort. War will at least be tremendously interesting. We will be quit of the immense trouble of trying to make up our minds, and instead of dreading the beginning, we will be able to hope for a speedy end.

There is a painful interest in the news that Edward Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, is dying of consumption in Colorado. Whatever may be the political or social value of the ideas he put into his books, he put them forth in such dress and order that they made many thousands of readers his obliged and appreciative friends. If every prophet had been as good a story-teller as he is, that tradition about a prophet's standing in his own country would never have won its vogue.

Lieutenant Totten's recent astrological forecast of disturbances immediately in prospect warned us to look for lively times between March 29 and April 1, and between April 15 and 18. The President sent the report on the *Maine* to Congress on March 28, and the following days were full of emotion, as were those including April 15 to 18, when the two Houses of Congress were trying to agree on action in response to the President's message. It would seem therefore that the stars Lieutenant Totten consulted gave him pretty reliable information, though it is proper to remember that the times for the last two months have been remarkably prolific of periods adapted to buttress a prophet's professional reputation, provided he seasoned his forecasts with sufficient ginger.

It is probably true, as is suggested in a current periodical by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, that if the American colony in Paris were less numerous the Parisians would have fewer false ideas about the United States. "I am afraid," he adds, "that the majority of the Frenchmen who reside in America have contributed a great deal toward giving the people there a bad idea of France." This apprehension seems hardly to be well founded. Most Americans get their impressions of the French either from travelling or living in France, or from French books and periodicals. They don't form impressions, either favorable or adverse, about the French in France from the French in America. French people and France are very closely associated in the minds of their observers. There are many French people, many good and useful ones, in this country, but there is no group of them which is so conspicuously representative—or misrepresentative—as the permanent American colony at Paris. It is composed of people who may choose where they will live, and who choose Paris because they like better to live there than at home. In that preference they differ from the great majority of the Americans, and the bases of the difference are personal peculiarities, or unusual tastes or circumstances, which expressly disqualify them from giving a trustworthy impression of the tastes and sentiments of the rest of their countrymen. It is not necessarily that they are either better or worse than the rest of us, but they are different. Baron Coubertin speaks of them as "ladies and gentlemen who are very agreeable to meet, and whose elegance and grace are greatly appreciated." Very good. Still, he is right in his conclusion that the impression they give of American character is not one that it is safe to accept.

At Miss Anne Brown's school in New York (715 Fifth Avenue) there is to be held on April 29 a fair in aid of the Ella Weed Scholarship at Barnard College. Miss Weed, a graduate of Vassar, and most widely known perhaps as a teacher at Miss Brown's, found her special work in the preparation of girls for college, and when Barnard was established labored zealously and most usefully to give practical form and substance to the idea that inspired its institution. In memory of her work of organization, and in recognition of what the college owes to her, it was determined to raise three thousand dollars for a scholarship to bear her name. Six hundred dollars of that sum is still lacking, and the want of it gives this fair its special motive.

Miss Weed had a decided gift of literary expression, which her devotion to her calling as a teacher left her so little chance to cultivate that fugitive verses and letters are almost the only records of a talent that was worth a fuller development. The one bit of her literary work which was ready to be printed was a year-book of quotations (including a few verses of her own), which she put together and gave as a birthday gift to Miss Brown. This little book, interesting and charming in itself, has a special value to Miss Weed's acquaintances, because in so many ways it reflects her mind. It will be first brought out at this fair, and will be sold for the benefit of the scholarship fund.

The joint commission appointed by the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1892, to revise the constitutions and canons of the Church, has submitted a report which recommends, among other changes, one that forbids any Episcopal minister to "solemnize the marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party." Of the twenty members of the commission five dissented from this recommendation. Among these five were Bishop Potter and Dr. Huntington of Grace Church in New York. The present rule of the Episcopal Church grants the sanction of the Church to the marriage of the innocent party to a divorce on the ground of adultery. But even if the rule is changed as recommended, it will not necessarily be so very serious a matter, even to persons whom it is designed to concern. The Roman Catholic Church considers that a member of its Church who is not married by a priest of the Church is not married at all. That attitude makes further connection with the Roman Catholic Church inconvenient for a Catholic who has been married by a Protestant clergyman or by a civil magistrate. The Episcopal Church seems not to purpose to go so far as that, and even if it forbids its priests to marry divorced persons, it is hardly likely to regard its members who, being divorced, have married without its sanction, as so inadequately married as not to be still welcome in the Episcopal fold. Divorced Episcopalians, therefore, who had been married in the life-time of their former spouses by a justice of the peace might apparently still continue, without loss of self-respect, to be members of the Episcopal Church.

Unless the number of students in residence at Harvard College should be very materially reduced between this and June by causes not yet operative, that feature of the class-day exercises which includes the rush around the old elm back of Hollis Hall, and the scramble for flowers, will be materially changed. The change, which was foreshadowed last year, is necessitated by the increased size of the classes. Of late years there have been too many students in the ring and too many spectators on the benches, and the whole performance had been so overweighted with humanity that it had become dangerous to life. What can be saved from what were the tree exercises will be moved out of the yard into the delta, where there is more available room. Then on class-day afternoon there will be an assemblage, cheering, an address, maybe, and perhaps a not too disorderly distribution of flowers.

The Presbyteries are not yet quite together in their attitude towards the Princeton liquor interests. At the meeting of the Cleveland (Ohio) Presbytery on April 13 the Committee on Temperance brought in a report which declared that—

> Our Church and the world have been shocked by the prevalence of drunkenness at Princeton College, through the indifference and connivance of its management, the mere mention of which causes the hot, indignant blood to mantle our cheeks.

This went farther than the majority of the brethren cared to follow, and the report had to be modified before it was accepted.

The report of the Committee on Temperance of the New York Presbytery, which met on the same day, also touched on the relation between alcohol and colleges, and urged the need of taking measures against the perversion of youth by liquor. But there was no "hot, indignant blood" in that report, for it said:

> While every one deplores the existence of drinking resorts in the vicinity of these seats of learning, it is a well-attested fact that the moral and religious tone of all our higher institutions was never more healthy, positive, and elevating than at the present time.
>
> Saloons will have little attraction for men fortified by Christian principle; and indiscriminate charges of prevailing drunkenness among students wantonly defame the high character of those upon whom the future of the Church and the community must largely depend; create unwarranted fears in many homes; diminish confidence in the professed friends of temperance, and weaken their hold of this great reform upon the entire community.

That is a vigorous rebuke, well earned and opportunely conveyed. The vagaries, as shown at Cleveland, of persons who are supposed to help take charge of the much-regarded "conscience of the nation" bring grief to watchers who are anxious to believe—and especially just now—that what the conscience of the nation believes is true, and that what it demands is right.

The report of the University Settlement Society of New York for 1897 is full of lively, interesting reading, and is recommended as a wholesome object of attention for persons who are over-full of war news, misgivings, and anxieties, and feel the need of a momentary change of thought. It includes the report of the head worker, the record of an investigation of dispossessed tenants, the story of the experiences of a member of the Street-Cleaning Department whose work was in the Settlement's district, a discussion of the good and bad points of old-style and new-style tenements, and much other information which is authoritative and reliable about the people of the lower East Side, and the work of the Settlement among them.

The University Settlement is now completing the tenth year of its work. It has lived for five years in its present house, and thinks the time has come to build a new one. Its present quarters are in an old building covering a lot 25×76, between two higher buildings. The work has far outgrown these quarters, and the Settlement has bought for $58,000 a lot 67×80 at the corner of Eldridge and Rivington streets. This lot is paid for, except $1600 still owed on it. The building which has been planned for it will cost about $90,000, of which over $30,000 has already been subscribed, and with that sum the work can be begun. The remaining $60,000 is very much wanted, and contributors to it are invited to communicate with Mr. James Speyer, 30 Broad Street, New York.

No one needs to be told that there are reconcentrados here in New York as well as in Cuba. No wiser or more efficient work is being done for the relief of our reconcentrados than that carried on by the organizations which cluster about the Settlement at 26 Delancey Street.

Just now, while everything that concerns the navy is matter of breathless interest, it seems proper to record that the River and Harbor Committee of the House of Representatives recommended on April 12 the expurgation of the ledge at Pull-and-be-damned Point in Portsmouth Harbor, New Hampshire. The navy-yard at Kittery is behind this objectionable point, and the ledge is in the way of naval vessels which have occasion to use the dry dock in the yard. The House committee merely recommends the removal of the ledge, but it seems obvious that the whole point had better go, since the moral effect of a point with such a name cannot but be deleterious, both to neighboring residents and to the crews of war-ships that put in there.

The failure, on April 11, of Alfred Dolge, of Dolgeville, in central New York, is greatly regretted, because it cripples a manufacturer who was widely known for his efforts to bring capital and labor into satisfactory relations. Mr. Dolge's scheme of sharing profits with his employees has been much written about and studied. It worked well, apparently, so long as there were profits to share. How far his failure affects the practicability of the methods of dealing with labor with which his name was associated does not appear. He is quoted as saying, "I see now that, in view of present conditions, I have been more liberal in aiding others than was wise or prudent"; but he attributes his present embarrassments not to his profit-sharing experiments, but to denial of credit due to the disturbed state of the money market.

The gift by Colonel Oliver H. Payne of $500,000 to endow in New York a new medical college for Cornell University is a sequel to events and discussions which during the period of their occurrence must have been lively enough to occupy the minds of the persons concerned in them to the exclusion of even the claims of war and Cuba Libre. Colonel Payne's benefaction is a consequence of a difference between the New York University, represented by Chancellor McCracken, and its medical committee and the faculty of its medical college. As a result of that difference the medical committee and faculty resigned. The reasons for withdrawal given by these gentlemen, as published at length in the *Evening Post* of April 16, are that they were buncoed by Chancellor McCracken. The details on which this painful charge is based may not here be given in full, but the gist of them is that early last year Chancellor McCracken induced the officers of the Medical College Laboratory, which constituted the medical department of the New York University, to transfer to the university the property which stood in their name, on condition, verbally expressed, that the management of the property, and of the college connected with it, should be left in their charge. They hold that since the transfer was made the Chancellor has fallen out with them, and has violated his agreement in many particulars, and that the university ought not to continue to hold the property.

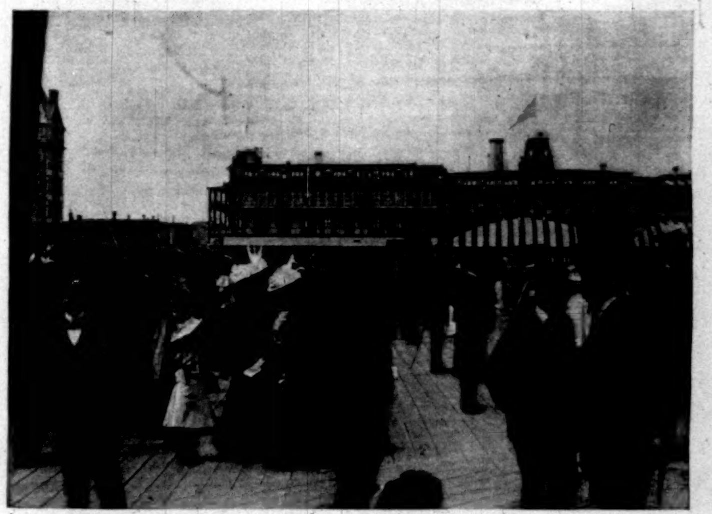
The reply of the Chancellor to these statements has not yet come to public notice. Meanwhile Colonel Payne, who was one of the four members of the medical committee who resigned, has endowed a new medical school, to which the gentlemen who lately constituted the faculty of the school connected with New York University will migrate in a body.

The death of former President Joachim Crespo of Venezuela, who was killed in battle on April 16, recalls, inopportunely, the vicissitudes of government in most of the Spanish-American republics. When a revolution under General Hernandez broke out in Venezuela on March 2 General Crespo took the field with the government forces, but report says he lost ground steadily, and his death seems not unlikely to be followed by the triumph of the revolutionists. He was fifty-two years old, a native of Venezuela, a man of large wealth, and a soldier of distinction. He grew rich in ranching, land speculations, and other business. At thirty he went into the army, and eventually became its commander. In 1855 he was appointed President to fill the unexpired term of President Guzman Blanco, and kept the office, with one or two intermissions, until last February.

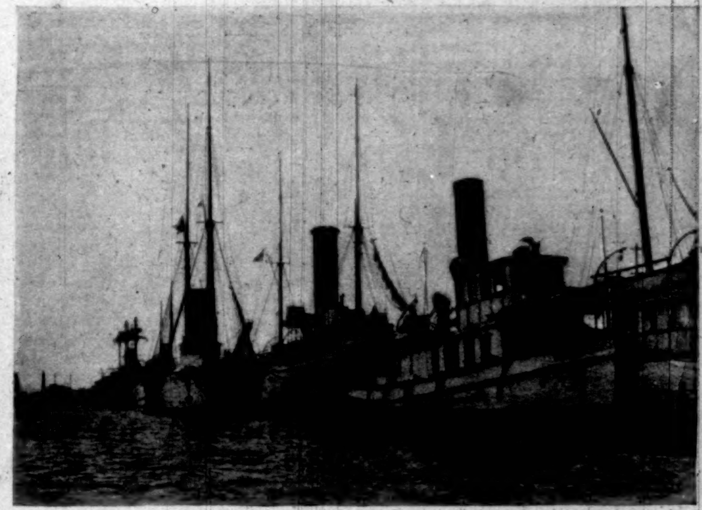
Mr. W. L. Alden, in a London letter to the New York *Times*, speaks of a new memorial window in honor of Jane Austen, and inquires if any one ever reads her novels. Judging from the number of recent reprints of Miss Austen's novels the answer is not far to seek. Folks do read them and like them. Some persons—in Boston and elsewhere—read them habitually. They are very good reading, and are especially useful to take the contemporary American out of his own time and away from all current considerations and give his mind a rest and his thoughts a complete change. No novels are better suited to be read just now as a change from newspapers.

E. S. MARTIN.

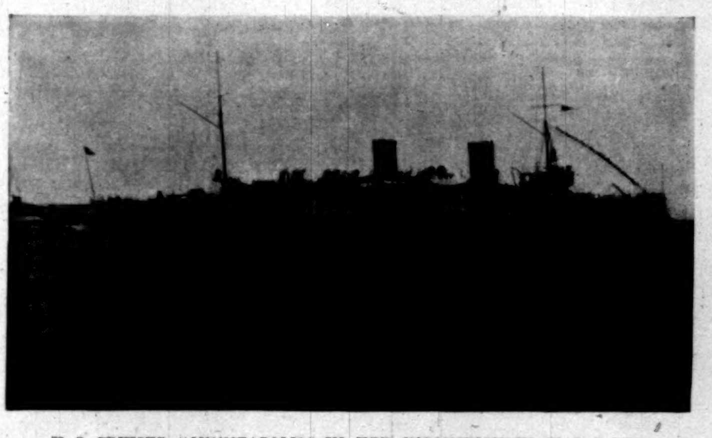
THE FLYING SQUADRON LEAVING HAMPTON ROADS, APRIL 13, FOR A PRACTICE CRUISE.



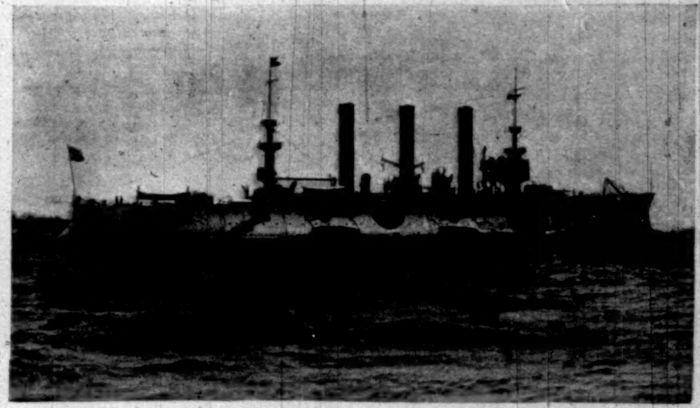
CROWDS ON OLD POINT WHARF WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON.



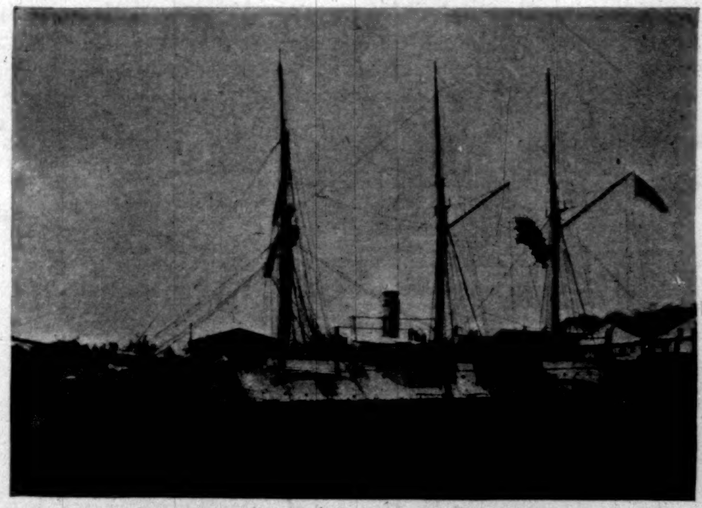
REVENUE-CUTTERS AT THE NORFOLK NAVY YARD BEING FITTED WITH RAPID-FIRE GUNS FOR THE AUXILIARY NAVY.



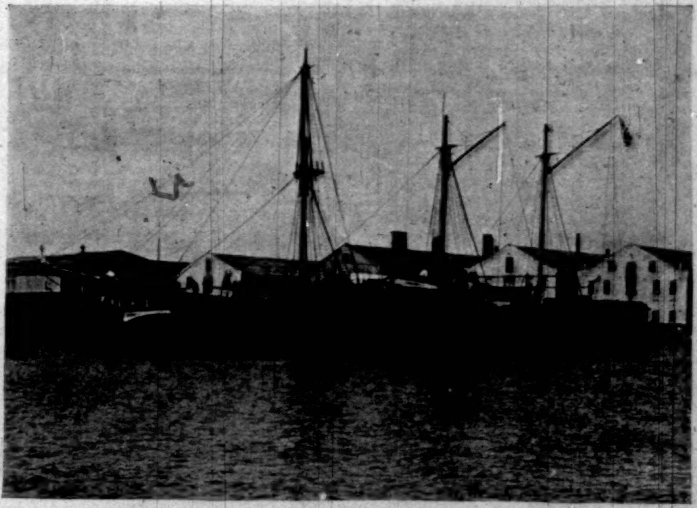
U. S. CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS" IN HER INCONSPICUOUS WAR-PAINT.



U. S. ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN," COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAG-SHIP.

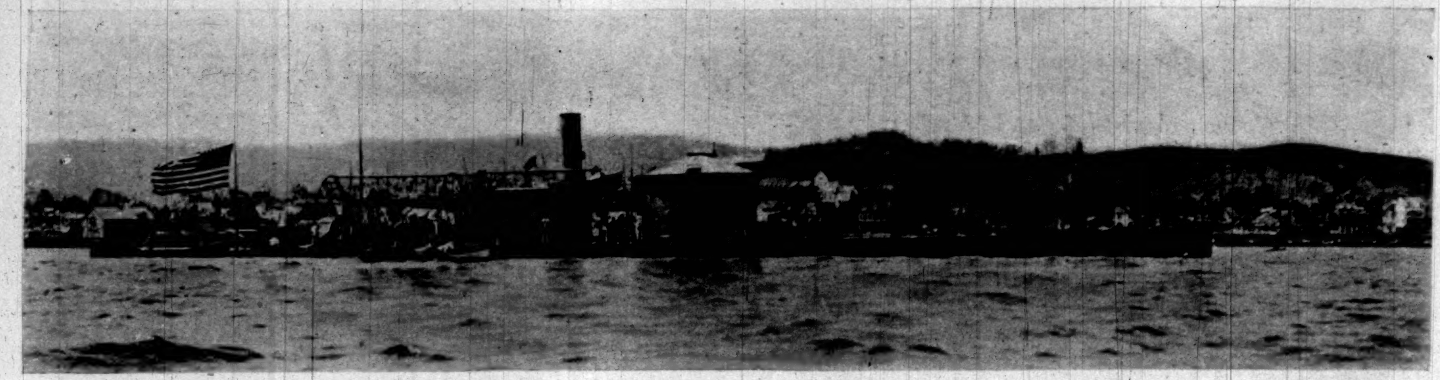


U. S. GUNBOAT "VICKSBURG" IN CRUISING TRIM.



THE "VICKSBURG" IN FIGHTING TRIM.

WITH THE FLYING SQUADRON AT HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 427.]



U. S. SINGLE-TURRET MONITOR "NAHANT," WITH NEW YORK NAVAL MILITIA ABOARD, OFF TOMPKINSVILLE, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES.

April 12, 1898.

FROM the Klondike café, near the docks, up to the highest house on the hills that surround the landlocked harbor of Charlotte Amalie, from one end of the island of St. Thomas to the other, two questions are in the minds and on the lips of the people, and these are—will we be bought by the Americans, and will there be war with Spain? These queries are followed by a thought born of the two possibilities—if we are bought by the Americans, and if there is war between that country and Spain, will the Spaniards bombard and destroy our only seaport town, Charlotte Amalie, before the United States can give us the protection that is our due?

The arguments and statements anent these three all-absorbing questions, that are made in the curious and almost incomprehensible English of the boatmen on the wharves and the black street boys in tattered coats and trousers, are about as intelligent and acceptable as the opinions of merchants, officials, and men of position generally, and this with all due respect to the latter, for neither the one nor the other know aught of the matter, and the town is so small that the same words are in the mouths of all of its people. The name of Senator Lodge is almost as familiar as the name of their own Governor, and each step that he and the American Senate have taken in the matter of the buying of these Danish islands by the United States, has been observed with intense interest, discussed and commented upon, favorably and joyfully when it appeared the sale would be consummated, sorrowfully when it was learned that the Senate had temporarily postponed action in this matter that is so earnestly desired by the people of this island. That they do desire to belong to the United States there is no manner of doubt. When Danish officials are questioned upon this point, they, feeling a certain obligation not to talk too freely with a correspondent on the matter, give a true answer and avert any suspicion of disloyalty, by simply referring to 1867. This means that when in that year Mr. Seward attempted to bring about the acquisition of these islands by the United States, a vote was taken among the people to determine if they wanted to be sold to America or not. Some 2000 voted in favor, and less than 30 against the measure. This was thirty years ago; but assurance is given that the people feel now as they did then.

On Monday, April 4, the following petition was circulated in Charlotte Amalie; I quote from the St. Thomas *Bulletin*:

As a result of the news cabled from New York on Saturday, it has been deemed expedient to at once petition the King not to sanction the sale of the Islands. This would have been done yesterday, but being Sunday it was not practicable.

The Petition was drawn up, circulated for signatures this morning, and will be despatched to-day.

This is a prudent step, and one that is almost certain to enlist the sympathy of his Majesty. To be sold is one thing, but to change owners in these perilous times would be awful.

Subjoined is the petition:

"*Telegram to our Most Gracious King, his Majesty Christian IX., Copenhagen.*

"Undersigned Burghers and Inhabitants of St. Thomas pray most submissively your Majesty not to sanction the transfer of the island to America, at least not under the present circumstances."

There follow the names of thirty-three merchants of this port, and among them, strangely enough, the names of four foreign consuls. There are merchants here who have monopolies in certain lines of selling. This is to their profit, and they fear competition. The monopolists were the most energetic in the circulation of this petition.

But the petition was never sent to the King. Probably because it did not receive sufficient support. If it had been sent, his Most Gracious Majesty the King of Denmark might have been well puzzled to discover what his good burghers in St. Thomas were driving at, anyway.

It being an accepted fact that the island of St. Thomas is anxious to come under the stars and stripes, a few inquiries were made as to the cause of their enthusiasm in the premises, and these questions brought forth such descriptions of the past glories of the little island that one was sorry indeed not to have lived here in the good old times, when the ships in the bay were counted by the hundreds, when schooners from all the Indies were crowded into the sheltering harbor, when business boomed, when the big black steamships entered and cleared from all the world in such numbers that a man could not keep track of them, when money was plenty, and sailors from all nations crowded the streets, as ready for an international carouse as for an international fight.

Be the causes what they may—and it is a little difficult to find satisfactory and convincing explanations for the loss of the trade that is gone—St. Thomas is not what it used to be, and it is with a hope for the return of the good old times that the people of the island are willing to be transferred to a country whom they consider their geographical protector, whose commerce and business activity will bring them what they desire, whose capital will come with its tourists. It is a question of dollars and cents—American dollars and cents—to St. Thomas.

They cannot and they do not expect a more equable, free, kindly, and thorough government than that which they have enjoyed under Denmark.

The principal criticism that is made of Danish rule is that Denmark does not always protect, in a foreign land, the colonial subject born in the Indies as she does the man born in Denmark. The true native and the islander are, apparently, not on the same footing, and the native-born man is favored.

With a police force of thirty men, and of soldiers less than one hundred, Denmark has maintained her gentle sway over this island of the Virgin group. There exist various institutions for the benefit of the people, which all speak of the fostering care and wise direction of the mother-country. The inhabitants of St. Thomas are happy, well fed, clean, and lazy. On holidays they laugh up and down the clean and well-paved streets of Charlotte Amalie, and their condition, appearance, and peace of mind are in strong contrast with those of their less fortunate brothers who live under Spanish rule on the two islands still belonging to Spain in these Indies. They would be still more fortunate as citizens of the United States.

Denmark has never forced her language on the people of her islands. As a result, English is universally spoken. All officials talk that language in addition to their own, and the services in the churches and the instruction in the schools are in that tongue. Nevertheless, Charlotte Amalie, whose clean streets, white houses, and sedate dignity remind one of Philadelphia, is very cosmopolitan. The English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch steamers all bring tourists from their respective countries, and the three tongues of the West Indies—Spanish, French, and English—are heard on all sides.

Last week the American consul in St. Thomas, Mr. Mahlon Van Horn—against whom some men are prejudiced because of his color, but even these will all join in commending Mr. Van Horn's honesty, energy, and intelligence—received orders from the government of his country to procure and hold subject to orders 1000 tons of coal. This Mr. Van Horn promptly did, notwithstanding the efforts of the Spanish consul to prevent the sale. The schooner *Ida C. Southard* was chartered, and loaded with the coal in question; she is now anchored in the harbor, awaiting orders from the United States.

After this matter of the coal had been adjusted and Charlotte Amalie settled down from the excitement caused thereby, conjecture was rife as to where the war-ships would receive the fuel. Some expected the immediate arrival of the Flying Squadron, even going so far as the hill-tops in their vain endeavors to catch sight of our war-ships; others averred that the coal could not be delivered in this a neutral port if war were declared. Then a telegram from the outside world was responsible for the rumor that the coal was to be sent to Samana Bay, in Santo Domingo, and St. Thomas at once became downcast.

The harbor of St. Thomas, the island's strong attraction to vessels, can be best described in the words of Mr. F. A. Ober.

"As daylight comes, it is seen what a beautiful harbor is this of St. Thomas, worthy of all the adjectives one can heap upon it, magnificent, gemlike, glorious. Hills on all sides surround it, save towards the southern sea, where the entrance lies between two high promontories, guarded by ancient forts. Hills behind it, sunburnt and bare, look down upon a charming town."

The floating dry dock is anchored on the western side of this harbor. It can lift a ship of 3000 tons, and although it has been out here many years, it is in excellent repair and working order, and does much work. The dock was built in England, and brought out to the island in sections, and assembled here.

Three steamship lines have their coaling-stations in this harbor, and none of these concerns supply coal to other than their own vessels. Steamers not owned by these lines and desiring coal are supplied by Brousted & Co. The companies mentioned are the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, with an annual consumption of about 20,000 tons; the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, using from 40,000 to 50,000 tons a year; the Hamburg-American Packet Company, with an equal consumption; while Brousted & Co. also handle from 40,000 to 50,000 tons annually.

Defences of this harbor there are none; a few saluting-guns at the barracks on shore cannot be so considered. The hills behind the town rise to some 1500 feet, and there is high ground, from 300 to 500 feet, immediately surrounding the harbor.

St. Thomas is to-day a very healthy port. Many men consider it the most fortunate place in this respect in the West Indies. The opening of a passage some years ago from the harbor westerly to the sea did much to bring about this condition. The town, being built on the sides of three hills abutting from the main range, is thoroughly cleaned out, day after day, by the heavy rains, in the wet season.

From the entrance of the port, and right up to the King's Dock, a distance of about a mile, there is a broad channel of deep water, broken only by a ledge of rock near the mouth, which serves as a breakwater when hurricanes blow in from the south.

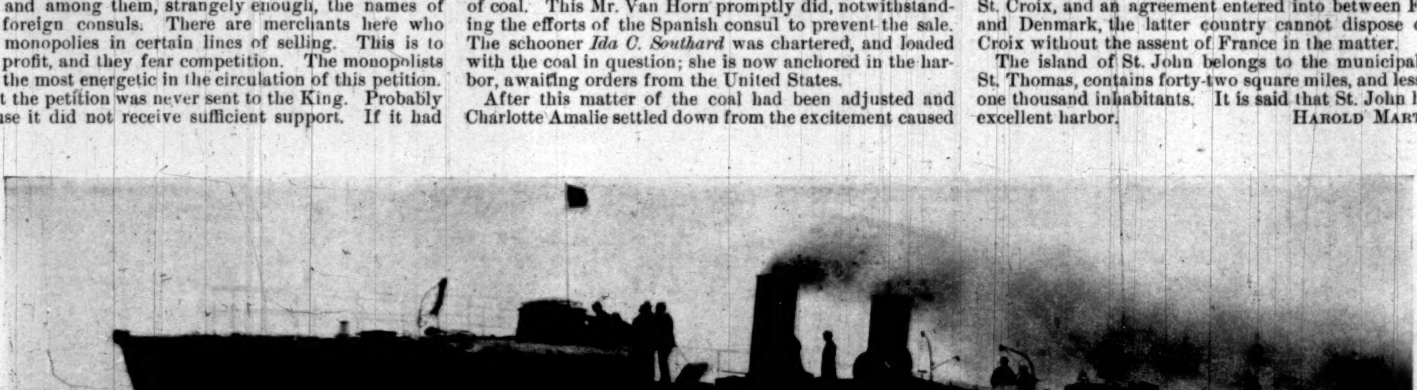
Seamen say the bottom of St. Thomas Harbor is an excellent anchorage. To the east and west of the main channel, already referred to, are stretches of shoaler water, sufficiently deep for schooners and small steamers.

The other islands of this Danish group are St. Croix and St. John. The former, the largest of the group, is nineteen miles long, and from one to five miles broad. Here is raised considerable sugar-cane; about fifteen thousand tons of sugar are exported annually. The population of the island is a little under twenty thousand.

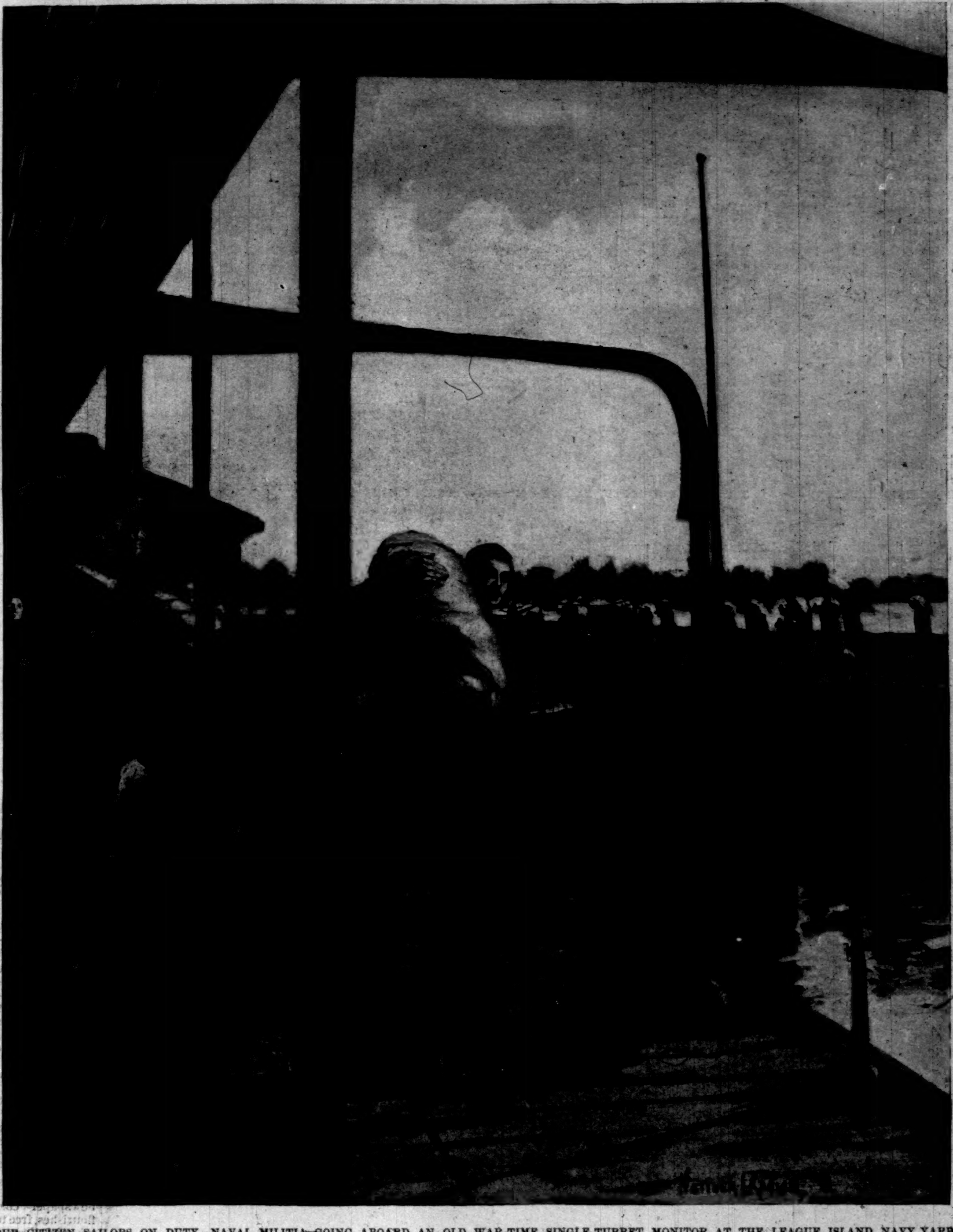
It is stated that, owing to former French possession of St. Croix, and an agreement entered into between France and Denmark, the latter country cannot dispose of St. Croix without the assent of France in the matter.

The island of St. John belongs to the municipality at St. Thomas, contains forty-two square miles, and less than one thousand inhabitants. It is said that St. John has an excellent harbor.

HAROLD MARTIN.



U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "MORRIS" ON HER RECENT SPEED TRIAL IN NARRAGANSETT BAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED AND COPYRIGHT BY FRANK H. CHILD, NEWPORT, R. I.



OUR CITIZEN SAILORS ON DUTY—NAVAL MILITIA—GOING ABOARD AN OLD WAR-TIME SINGLE-TURRET MONITOR AT THE LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD.

NAVAL MILITIA IN SERVICE.

For more than thirty years the old Monitors which were used in the war of the rebellion have been laid up at navy-yards out of commission. Once we had a war scare in which Chile figured as the prospective party of the second part, and some of these old fighters were hauled out of their comfortable berths and made partly ready for service. But the scare faded away. The rosy bloom of peace settled upon the cheeks of the Goddess of Liberty, and the dust and dirt of a navy-yard settled upon the Monitors. Rust sank into the indentations made by Confederate shells, and black paint turned a dingy brown.

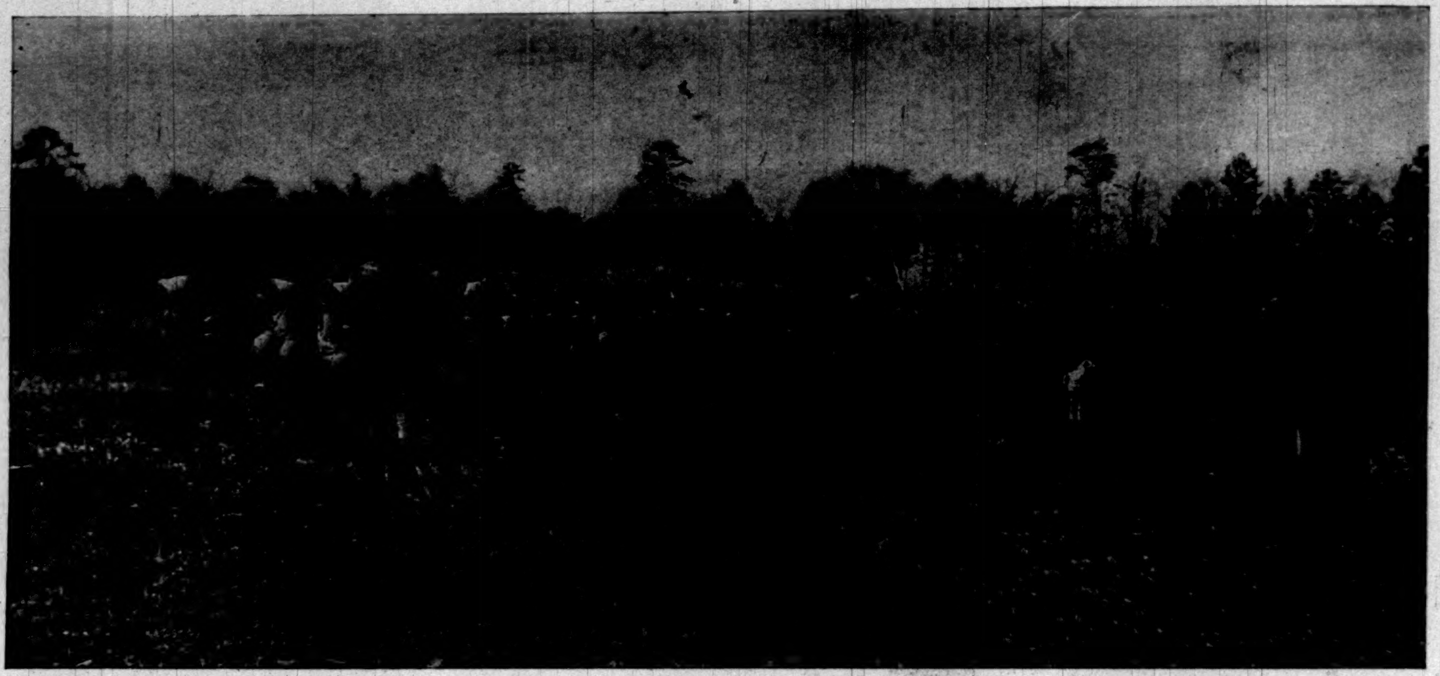
When the present crisis confronted the country the officials of the Navy Department bethought themselves of these old Monitors. Would they be of any service in the face of Hontoria guns, modern powder, and sharp-pointed cylindrical projectiles? The navy experts thought they might do something. They certainly were not to be dreamed of as battle-craft, but inside a bay or harbor they might perhaps offer some obstacle to light-armed and swift vessels which slipped past a fort. The armor of the old Monitors is only eleven inches of wrought iron, and that of course will not resist heavy modern guns, but it will do very well against light ones. The old-fashioned 15-inch smooth-bores will not hurl armor-piercing shells, such as the present guns use, but they would do a lot of smashing of light plates for all that.

The Navy Department, finding itself very short of ships in the face of an emergency, determined to bring out the old Monitors to help fight Spain. But then came the question of men to man them. Men were scarce, and so were officers; yet it was absolutely necessary that these old vessels should be distributed among the ports to which they were assigned. How to do it, that was the problem. Suddenly Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt remembered that he had a naval militia in his pocket. He snapped his fingers and said, "That militia must get those Monitors." Telegrams were sent to Governors of States asking them if they could furnish men to man Monitors. Legal questions were ignored, and the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey said they could send men to man anything and go anywhere. The Monitors *Jason* and *Nahant* were assigned to New York, and the commanding officers of the New York and Brooklyn battalions were ordered to make details to man them. The *Jason* unfortunately broke her turret-spindle, and deferred the expedition of the Brooklyn men, but the *Nahant* was ready to be put into commission on Tuesday, April 12.

Officers and men, engineers and machinists, signal-boys and berth-deck cooks, poured aboard the naval-militia ship *New Hampshire* in answer to a hurry call on Monday night. They slept aboard, and at 7.50 Tuesday morning started for Philadelphia on a special train. Several officers and men had been there for some days helping to prepare the *Nahant* for use. Lieutenant Clayton S. Richman, U.S.N., had been ordered to command her. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, with the assistance of the naval-militia officers already attached to his vessel, he proceeded to put her in commission.

The ceremony was simple enough. While the ship's crew was bowling along the Pennsylvania Railroad at fifty miles an hour Captain Richman—a commanding officer in the navy is always "captain"—on board the *Nahant* read the order of the Navy Department directing him to take command. The ensign was run up to the ensign staff by Quartermaster Zerega of the New York naval militia, and the commander's pennant was hoisted on the signal-mast. It was indeed a simple ceremony, but it was full of significance, for it meant that the naval-militia officers aboard the Monitor had, for the time being, entered the service of the United States, thus beginning a mission which was to be theirs only in the face of danger.

An hour after the ship had gone into commission the steady tramp of men was heard, and under the command of Commander W. Butler Duncan, Jr., of the First Naval Battalion, New York, the ship's crew marched down the wharf, and was sent aboard. There was a large crowd of people at the head of the wharf, and the apprentices on the receiving-ship *Richmond* looked on with expectant amusement. If the spectators hoped to have an opportunity to laugh at the naval militia, or thought they might witness a display of civilian enthusiasm on the part of the New York boys, they were disappointed. Not a word was uttered by the well-trained militiamen. The coldest, sternest naval discipline prevailed. It is an old story to



MOBILIZING THE ARMY—25th U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) IN LINE ON CAMP-GROUND, CHICKAMAUGA PARK, TENNESSEE, IMMEDIATELY AFTER ARRIVAL.

the citizen sailors, that silent discipline, but the spectators do not always know that.

"Jump below, stow those hammocks, shift into working-clothes, and get on deck," said Commander Duncan, who is now executive officer of the *Nahant*.

The order was obeyed with celerity. In fifteen minutes the crew was on deck, and some of the men were set to work. Regular watches had begun the moment the ship went into commission, and in twenty minutes after the crew was aboard the routine was in smooth-working order. Every man received his billet giving him his station and duties. He had already learned in drills on the *New Hampshire* and cruises on men-of-war what that billet meant. Boatswain's mate, gunner's mate, quartermasters, and other petty officers all knew their business, and the ship's work went along as if it had been going for a month. Captain Richman took a look around him, drew a long breath, and left the vessel for several hours. The naval militia had furnished him with a complete crew, from officers down to firemen, oilers, and coal-passers. Old sailor-men in the yard scratched their heads and said they guessed they were dreaming.

As for the citizen jackies, when the relaxation of the second dog-watch came around, they sang songs and joked with one another, but underneath everything was the proud consciousness that the First Naval Battalion of New York had been the first militia organization called into the service of the national government since the civil war, and the first that had ever in the history of this country, or any other, completely manned a man-of-war. As for the old *Nahant* herself, she looked rather primitive in her leaden paint and with her antiquated lines, but the naval militiamen were as proud of her as if she had been a ten-thousand-ton battle-ship with a battery of 13-inch guns.

The *Nahant* sailed for New York on Friday, the start being made from League Island at 1.15 P.M. She arrived at the Tompkinsville anchorage, Staten Island, at 3 A.M. on Sunday, her engines having been stopped for half an hour only, to drop the pilot at the Delaware Breakwater. She made the trip not only under her own steam, but also in tow of the tug *Pioneer*, the average rate of speed being about eight knots an hour, of which the tug was responsible for three knots. Although the *Nahant* had not made a voyage in thirty years, her engines worked perfectly, even if they were antiquated.

The trip was not only a test of the Monitor, but of her crew. The sea was comparatively smooth. Not a drop of water came through the hatches. The men behaved so admirably in adapting themselves to their work as to draw a hearty compliment from Lieut. Richman, U. S. N., in command. Commander Duncan of the battalion had no compliments for them; he said they had simply done what they were expected to do. The crew not only performed the rough work, such as stoking and passing the coal, but they practised in firing the guns, which the men nicknamed "Brandy" and "Soda."

It took nearly twelve hours to go from League Island to the Delaware Breakwater. The conditions were so favorable that it was decided not to anchor, as had been planned, and the trip to New York was continued. All the way down the Delaware there had been many salutes for the old Monitor and crew. The *Nahant* has no steam steering-gear, and the green hands at the wheel had some difficulty in keeping her on the course, but after a time all this was straightened out.

In the morning the men were piped to breakfast, like all Jack Tars, and afterward had their first experience at sea with "salt soap," which they used in scrubbing their clothes. Routine went on all day, and at five o'clock in the afternoon came the chief diversion and probably the most important work of the day. The turret crews were called to man the guns. Drill in firing went on for three-quarters of an hour, and then real shot and real powder were used. Each shot consumed thirty-five pounds of powder. The first gun fired was loaded with an explosive shell. It struck the water about 2500 yards away, and made an interesting sight as it exploded. The next shot was solid. Two of each kind were fired, and the time consumed was sixteen minutes. When the gun "Brandy" recoiled at the second shot, it became unshipped, but was soon adjusted in place.

The *Nahant* passed the Scotland Light Ship at 11.20 o'clock on Saturday night. The tide was against her, and she steered very hard coming up the harbor to Tompkinsville. She reached her berth in safety, however, and anchored close to the cruiser *San Francisco*, where she remained for several days, preparatory to being taken to the New York Navy Yard for further overhauling, and the mounting of some light guns on her superstructure.

RENDEZVOUS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

The first active movement by the regular army looking toward hostilities with Spain was the result of an order to mobilize the troops at three centres—at the Chickamauga National Park in northern Georgia, close to Chattanooga, and the scene of the great battle of that name in the civil war; at New Orleans; and at Mobile. The first of the regulars to arrive at any of these places of rendezvous was the Twenty-fifth Infantry regiment, one of the negro regiments in the service. They reached Chattanooga on April 14, and the next day went into camp in the park, on the "Widow Glenn" field.

The Twenty-fifth Infantry is called the "black war-cloud." Its men are famous as Indian-fighters. They have been stationed in recent years at these four posts in Montana: Fort Assiniboine, Fort Harrison, Fort Missoula, Fort Custer. There are eight companies in the regim and the roster numbers nearly 600 men. Two compan A and G, were detached from the regiment at Cha nooga and hurried to Key West, where they will rem temporarily. Colonel Burt is in command of the r ment. He and his men were very proud of the fact t they were the first to be ordered South with the prosp of war facing them.

The preparations involved in making Chickamau Park ready for the six regiments of cavalry, the li artillery, and the Twenty-fifth Infantry, which were dered to mobilize there, were largely in the hands Colonel H. V. Boynton, through whose efforts chiefly scene of the great Southern battle-field was set aside natural park.

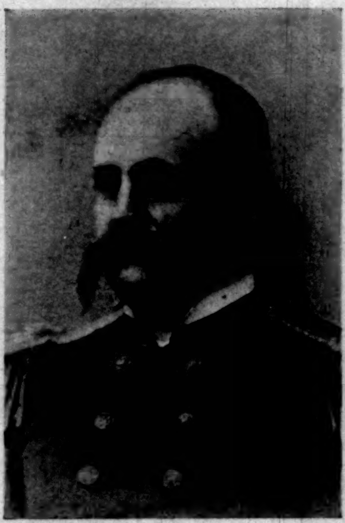
CUBAN NOTES.

The rebels in Cuba have lately called attention to the selves by certain methods that never fail to bring them public notice. I refer to attacks on railroad trains a the blowing up of railroad bridges. A case of the lat came to my notice one day last month, when the insurge fired into and attempted to wreck the afternoon passeng train from Matanzas to Havana. The assault took pl at San Miguel, some twenty miles outside of Havana. a result of the attack, three men were slightly wound One was a travelling Englishman, who made light of wound, and the others were Spaniards. On the followi day the railroad track from Jaruco to Havana was trolled by Spanish infantry and cavalry, and the tra carried extra forces of men in the armored cars.

While these methods serve well their purpose—that bringing to public ears the news of insurgent activity— is apt to be at the cost of life to non-combatants, foreig ers, persons on errands of mercy, and women and ch dren. It is true that these attacks had been compa tively rare of late, but their repetition will do much discredit such methods of rebel warfare, and to shatter t halo of soldierly honor with which we are inclined to vest the doings of the Cuban insurgents.

Key West enjoys the lively and intense hatred of t Spanish in Cuba. It is the refuge and safety of all intrig ers against Spanish rule. There they can utter seditio and plan *coups* free from terference. There they li in safety, while Cabañ would be their immedia abode in Cuba. There t newspaper corresponde flourishes, free to telegra what he pleases, and the go the daily tugs a steam-yachts in the servi of our press, bearing d spatches from Havana th would never pass the ce sor at the Palace. In K West is published a Cuba paper, hot for the caus whose railings against t Spanish administration a unrestrained. This p per, in competition wi the ceaseless efforts of t press of our country, h set forth a story of t *Maine* disaster that stan at the head of all theori in the matter of unprove statements. According this paper, the Spanish go ernment offered a certa man $20,000 to blow t the *Maine*. This he su cessfully did. The day a ter the disaster the go ernment became alarmed the possibility of this man divulging his knowledg for a greater sum than th paid by themselves. H was therefore approache

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—ARRIVAL OF 25th U. S. INFANTRY AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK, APRIL 15, 1898.

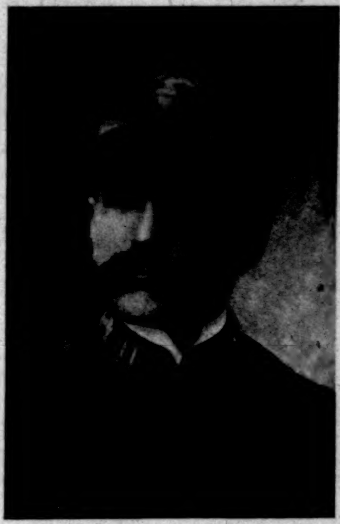

LIEUT. CLAYTON S. RICHMAN, U.S.N., U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Nahant."

LIEUT. MARTIN ELLSWORTH HALL, U.S.N., U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Catskill."

LIEUT. HERMAN F. FICKBOHM, U.S.N., U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Jason."

LIEUT. AARON WARD, U.S.N., U. S. S. "Wasp" (Yacht "Columbia").

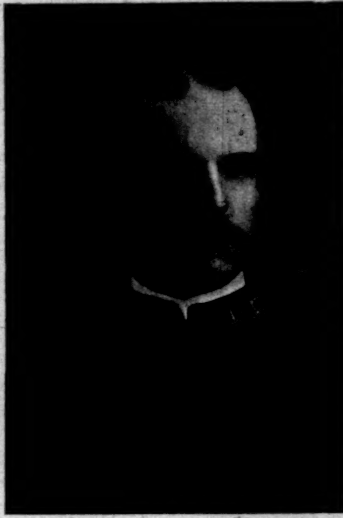
LIEUT. JOHN C. FREMONT, U.S.N., U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Porter."

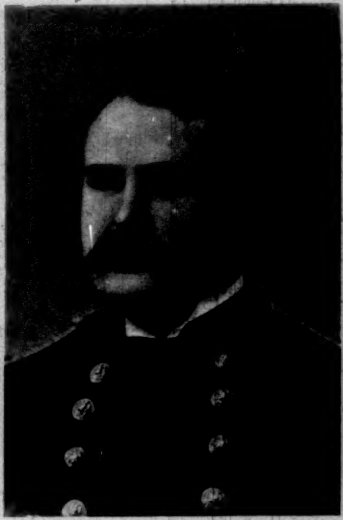

LIEUT. HAMILTON HUTCHINS, U.S.N., U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Stiletto."

LIEUT. JAMES M. HELM, U.S.N., U. S. S. "Hornet" (Yacht "Alicia").

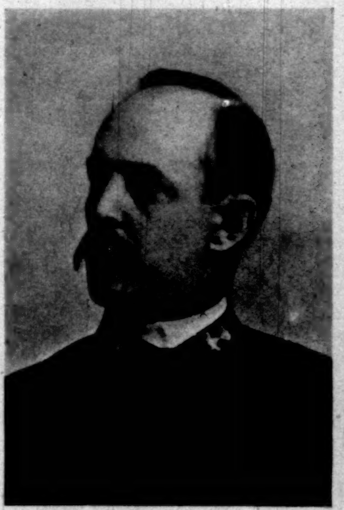
LIEUT. NATHANIEL R. USHER, U.S.N., U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Ericsson."

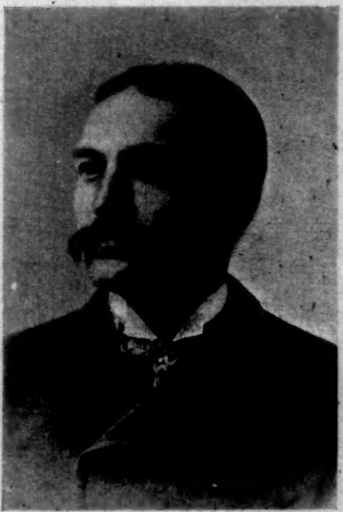
LIEUT. ALEX. SHARP, JR., U.S.N., U. S. S. "Vixen" (Yacht "Josephine").


LIEUT. ALBERT GLEAVES, U.S.N., U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Cushing."

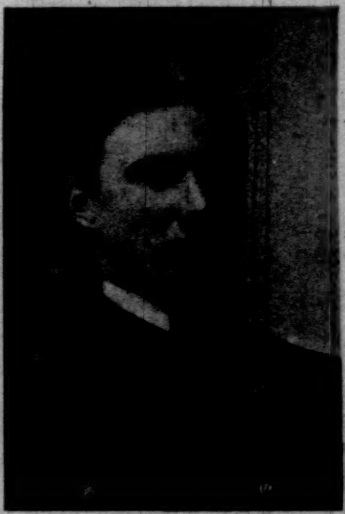

LIEUT. JOHN L. PURCELL, U.S.N., U. S. S. "Osceola" (Tug "Winthrop").

LIEUT. JOHN B. BERNADOU, U.S.N., U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Winslow."


LIEUT. FREDERICK R. BRAINARD, U.S.N., U. S. S. "Uncas" (Tug "W. Luckenback").


LIEUT. (JUNIOR GRADE) WILLIAM R. SHOEMAKER, U.S.N., U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Talbot."

LIEUT. (JUNIOR GRADE) SPENCER S. WOOD, U.S.N., U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Dupont."

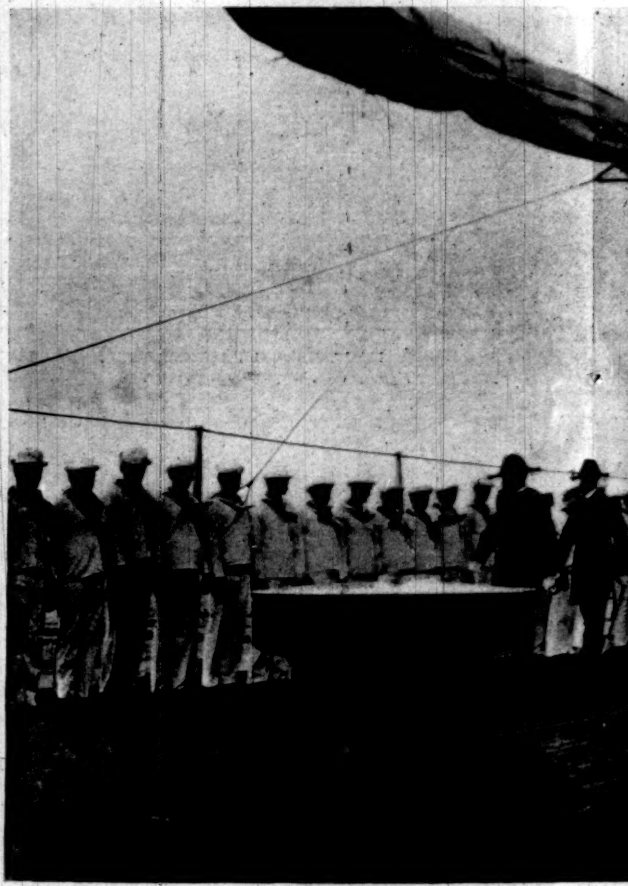

ENSIGN WALTER R. GHERARDI, U.S.N., U. S. S. "Sioux" (Tug "P. H. Wise").

LIEUTENANTS AND JUNIOR OFFICERS COMMANDING UNITED STATES NAVAL VESSELS.

ARRIVAL OF REFUGEES FROM HAVANA, BROUGHT IN BY U. S. LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE."

CREW OF U. S. DOUBLE-TURRET

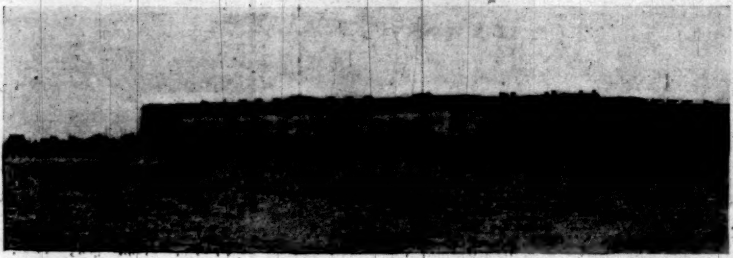
KEY WEST BARRACKS—MEN'S QUARTERS.



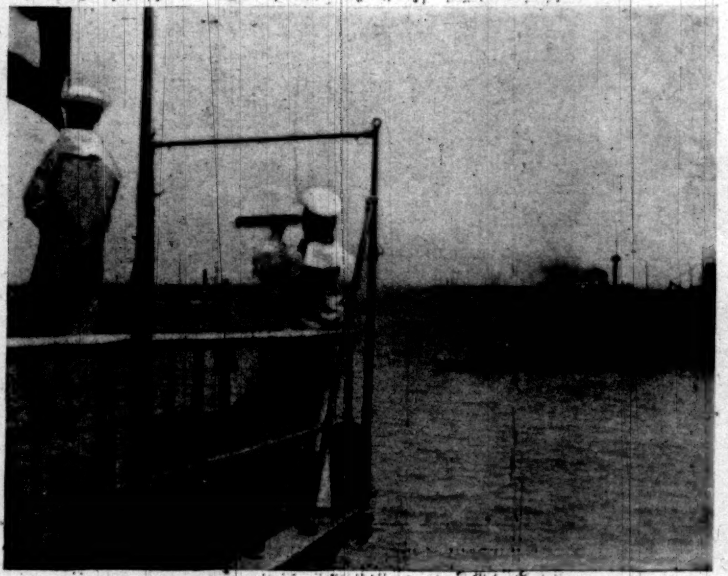
CAPTAIN CHADWICK INSPECTING THE CREW

GRAVES OF TWENTY-FOUR VICTIMS OF THE "MAINE."

ON BOARD MONITOR "PURITAN"—LOWERING WHERRY-BOAT.

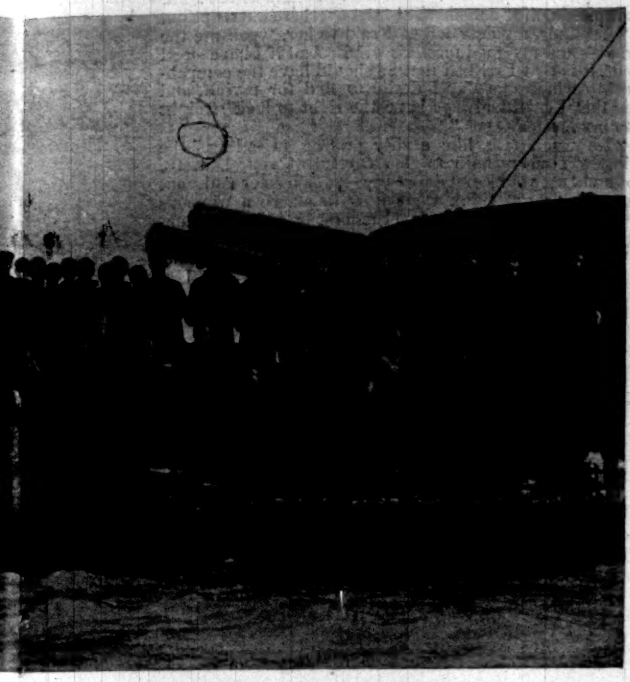


FORT TAYLOR.



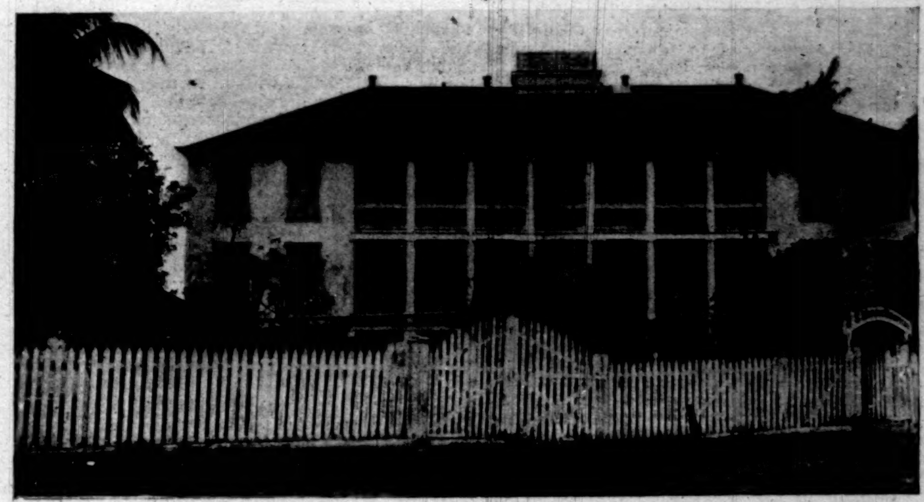
SIGNALLING FROM BRIDGE OF "PURITAN."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE AT KEY WEST.—Views by Jam

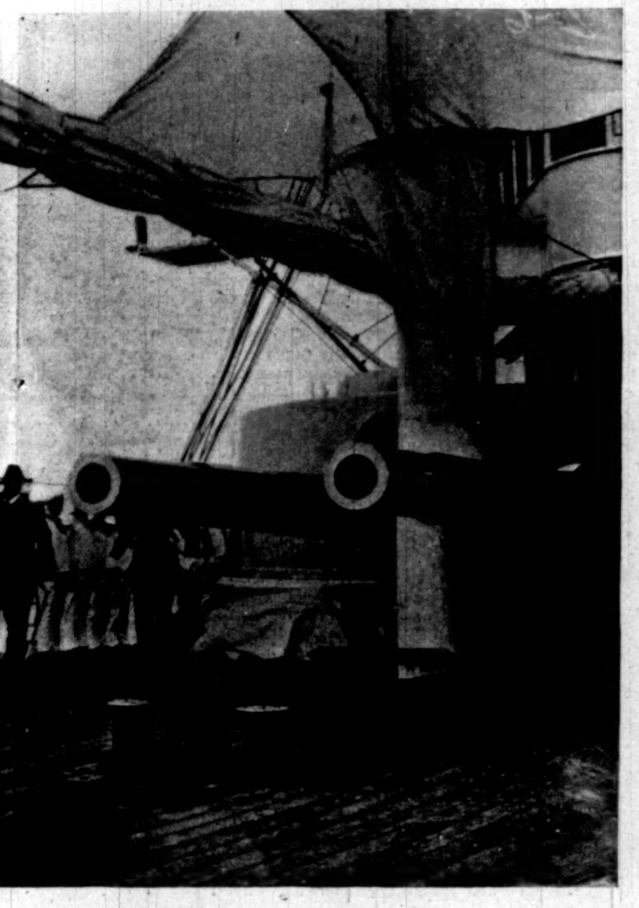


URRET MONITOR "AMPHITRITE."

THE GOVERNMENT DOCK—UNLOADING STORES FOR THE FLEET.



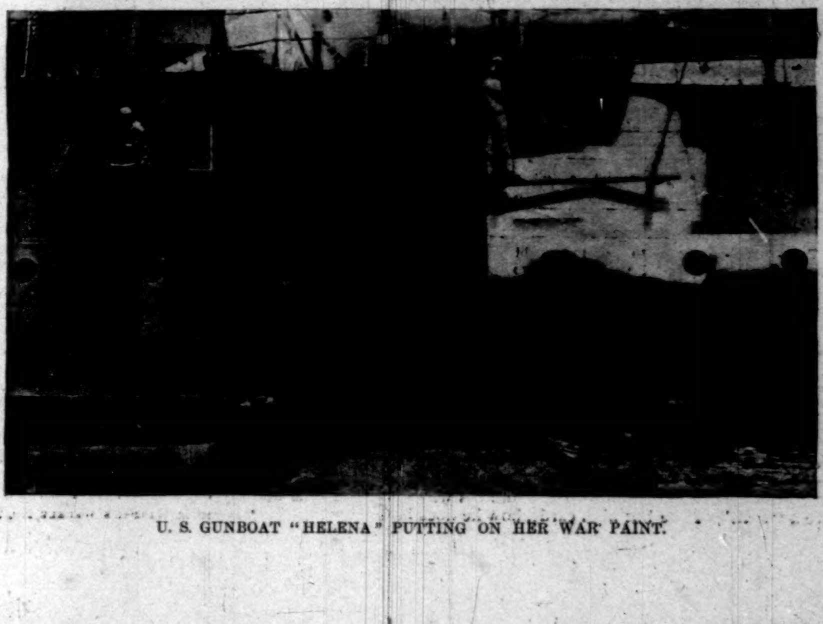
U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL.



CREW OF ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."

KEY WEST BARRACKS—OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

FOUR-INCH GUN ON U. S. DOUBLE-TURRET MONITOR "PURITAN."



U. S. GUNBOAT "HELENA" PUTTING ON HER WAR PAINT.

JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

with a proposition to examine the hull of the *Alfonso XII.*, he being by trade a diver. This he undertook. When he was under water on his work, the air from the pumps was shut off and the man killed. His body was cast into the bay, was subsequently recovered by those searching for the *Maine's* victims, and buried—honorably buried—with them in Colon Cemetery. Then the Spaniards who had this delicate matter in hand bethought themselves of the man's wife. She might know his secret. Her house was searched, the $20,000 recovered, and she herself promptly placed in an insane asylum, that her account of the occurrence would be credited to the ravings of some unfortunate who had brooded upon the horror until she became insane.

The utter destruction of Key West would be undertaken by Spain with gusto. Then, it is declared, when this is accomplished, the glorious march of the victorious army from the end of Florida to Washington would follow, with the success always attending Spanish feats of arms. Not that all men who are Spaniards in Cuba believe this to be possible, for many of them have come through the Florida pines and seen naught but gophers and salamanders, and still others have more sense; but there are many who believe this remarkable feat well within the range of Spanish possibility, as was attested by a loud conversation in a Havana café and overheard by the writer.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A "WILD WEST" SHOW.

BEDOUINS are whirling and "tumbling" through the sawdust and the sunshine; scene-painters retouching the marvellous blue mountains of the great long curtain; Indians training fractious ponies; and Mexicans, blanket on arm, Cossacks, Cubans, and cowboys lazily whiling away the early morning hours in the great arena at the Madison Square Garden. The employees rake and scrape the dirt or scatter fresh sawdust, and a group of spectators watch the agile Arabs as they mass on one man's shoulders, or twirl their supple bodies through the air from one end of the ring to the other. Mounting the narrow stairway back of the old stage-coach brings one to quarters one would never imagine existed behind so elegant an exterior. Every square inch of space from floor to ceiling is filled with a chaos of costumes from all ends of the earth. In one corner, surrounded by elegant leather saddles, great heavy hats, velvet jackets trimmed with gold lace, tight-fitting breeches, spurs, harness, pistols, belts, etc., a few lazy Mexicans are visible.

Cowboys, soldiers, and employees are crowded in a large room, many asleep on their cots, and one English chap, propped up with saddles and blankets, trying to recover from a broken leg. Eight or ten Cossacks are partitioned off in a boxlike corner, where they pass most of the day singing their national hymns.

On the stairway, by the window, and occasionally gathering his thoughts by gazing abstractedly into the busy New York street, is a handsome young Indian writing a letter. Looking over his shoulder, I get a glimpse of interest—"New York, Madson Squir Gordin: Ui' naa' niahu' tawa bi' tan' wu—" (which means, "I am flying about the earth,") etc.

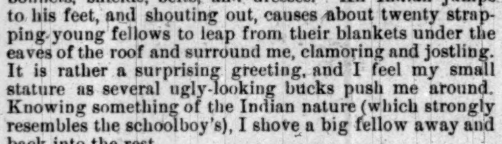
In writing he uses the English characters. He has evidently finished, for, while chewing the point of his pencil, he gives his letter a final looking over, puts it into the addressed envelope, and turning to me, licks his finger and points to the corner. I have a stamp, which I donate, with an offer to mail the letter. He looks me over carefully, and gradually lets the letter slip from his hand into mine. A glance at the address explains his caution, for it is directed to "Miss Alice Lone Bear, Pine Ridge Agency, Kyle P. O., So. Dakota."

Past the romantic red man, up another flight, and I enter a large room with low ceiling, in which one sees only the thousands of vari-colored feathers attached to war-bonnets, shields, belts, and dresses. An Indian jumps to his feet, and shouting out, causes about twenty strapping young fellows to leap from their blankets under the eaves of the roof and surround me, clamoring and jostling. It is rather a surprising greeting, and I feel my small stature as several ugly-looking bucks push me around. Knowing something of the Indian nature (which strongly resembles the schoolboy's), I shove a big fellow away and back into the rest.

"What's the matter with you, boys?" I ask.

"One dollar! One dollar!" is about the only English word in the answer, and repeated with vigor.

I laugh at them, take off my overcoat, open my sketch-book, and look around for a subject. I am soon at work on old Flat Iron, who, propped up in a chair, tries to keep his small eyes open. The young men leave me, to return to their card games, or to doze away in their blankets on the floor. A few old men in the room are arranging feathers for a new bonnet, or stringing beads and lead for skirts; the fat and industrious squaws are beading moccasins, or braiding the little girls' hair (which is kept scrupulously clean and neat), while away in one corner an accomplished black-haired youth performs "Daisy Bell" on a mouth-organ. Occasionally the young fellows break into an Indian song, something like this,



which is echoed from the floor below by a Russian hymn from the Cossacks. The Indians seem very contented; repartee passes from one side of the room to the other, and a point well made unfailingly brings a laugh.

The card game grows very exciting, attracting to the six squatting figures quite an audience of interested onlookers, who often add to the intenseness by throwing their recent pay into the circle to bet on a "draw." The Indian plays cards with great fervor, drawing the edge of the second card slowly over his first, to get the full benefit of the excitement should fortune fall his way and he have a "suit." If he has high cards, how he does bet! and the lookers on behind him bet. Then with quick breath he takes his next card. An ace of his "suit." Whoop! Hi yi! those behind him joining in the yelling, to the discomfiture of the apparently stolid losers. And Black Heart goes to stock himself with tobacco for the week.

Twelve-thirty, and all start down for dinner. Old Flat Iron, whom I have been sketching, makes known to me in the sign language that I must bring him some tobacco for his trouble, fumbles around in his buckskin pouch for his dinner check, and dexterously sweeping his dirty blanket around half of him, ambles down the stairs to his place at the long table.

All connected with the show eat in the great room on the ground-floor. Here, in their working-clothes, or in the picturesque attire of their homes (for Cossack, Mexican, Bedouin, and Indian refuse civilized costume), they give the rather commonplace impression of a laboring-class satisfied to work hard for their daily bread.

Dinner over, preparation for the afternoon performance begins at once, and the scenes in the narrow dressing-rooms are animated. With pigments, a good Indian type is made hideous in a short interval, and but for the many deep furrows time has ploughed in the forehead of Flat Iron, one could never tell his yellow-streaked face from that of his son Leaping Antelope. Bodies and limbs are painted half white, half green, or with circles (representing the sun) and crescents and stars, and one Indian leaves the imprint of a vermilion-smeared hand on his cheek. The feathers come off the wall; the many sleigh-bells jingle and tinkle; the boys break into song; the squaws "ti-ti" in their high shrill voices; even the dignified old chiefs are gay, arrayed in all their glory. A blast from a bugle starts them off to saddle their ponies, on which they are soon mounted, ready for the grand entry. The cowboy band starts up "Hail, Columbia," the bugle sounds again, the great canvas curtain is drawn, and the howling warriors dash wildly into the public gaze.

The curtain is redrawn—the curtain with the distant blue mountains, the blue pine-trees, and the blue tepees. Before, it is the romance and pleasure; behind, the reality and labor. Both sides are interesting.

ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

YSOLINDE'S FAREWELL.

THE next morning early, as I went about making my dispositions and putting men of trust in positions fit for them—for the Prince had given me the command of all the soldiers within the city—the Lady Ysolinde came to me upon the terrace.

"Walk with me awhile," she said, "in the lower garden. It is a quiet place, and I would speak with you."

It was a command that I dared not refuse to obey, yet my greatest enemy would not accuse me that I went lightly or willingly to such a tryst.

The Lady Ysolinde passed on daintily and proudly before me, and I followed, more like a condemned criminal lumping heavily to the scaffold than a lad of mettle accompanying a fair lady to a rendezvous of her own asking under the green-wood tree.

But I need not have feared. The Princess's mood was mild, and I saw her in a humor in which I had never seen her before.

She moved before me over the grass, with her head a little turned up to the skies, as though appealing out of her innocence to the Beings who sat behind and knew the hearts of men and women.

At a great weeping-elm, under which was a seat, she turned. It formed a wide canopy of shade, grateful and cool. For the breezes stirred under the leaves, and the river moved beneath with a pleasant, meditative hush of sound.

"Hugo Gottfried, once you were my friend," she began. "What have I done that you should be my friend no more? Tell me plainly. I liked you when as a lad, the son of the Red Axe, you came to my father's house about some boyish freak. I have not done ill by you since that day. And now that you are a leader of men and of rank and honor here in my husband's country of Plassenburg, I would be your well-wisher still. I am conscious of no reason for my having forfeited your liking. But that I would know for certain—and now."

As she threw back her head and let her clear emerald eyes rest upon me, I never saw woman born of woman look more innocent. Indeed, in these days of mistrust it is innocence under suspicion which usually looks most guilty, knowing what is expected of it.

"Lady Ysolinde," I made answer, "you try me hard and sore. You put me in the wrong. You do me indeed great honor, as you have ever done all these years. In reverence and high respect I shall ever hold you for all that you have done—for your kindness to me and to Helene, the orphan girl who came from our father's roof with me. I know no reason why there should be any break in our friendship; nor shall there be, if you will pardon my folly and—"

"Tush!" she said, impetuously. "You speak things empty, vain, the rattling of knuckle-bones in a bladder—not live words at all. Have I never listened to true men? Do not I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, know the sound of words that have the heart behind them? I have heard you speak such yourself. Do not insult me with platitudes, nor try to divert me with the piping of children in the market-place. I will not dance to them, nor yet, like a foolish kitchen-wench, smile at the jingling of your trinketry."

"Your highness!" I began again.

She waved her hand as if putting a light thing away. "I was a woman to you before you knew that I was a Princess," she said. "You need not forget that I am a woman still, cursed with the plate-mail of rank, added to the weariness and inaction of a woman's breaking heart."

I was acutely conscious that I was not distinguishing myself in this interview. So I dashed again at the wall, and this time for a moment at least overbore interruption.

"Ysolinde, my dear lady," I said to her, "you are the Prince's and my good master's wife. And if I have stood aloof, it is that I wished that he should have the companionship which one day I desire to find for myself, and also that I might always have the right to look straight into my master's eyes."

"Now you talk like a silly prating priestling," she said. "You are both mighty careful of your honesty, your virtue, your companionship—your master and you. But you do not think what it is to starve a woman's heart, to bid her find her level among broiderers of bannerets and stitchers in tapestry. Ah! if the particular God who happened to be at the digging of us out of the happier pit of oblivion had only made me a man, I, at least, should neither have been a straitlaced Jackanapes nor yet a prating wiseacre."

"And am I either?" said I, weakly enough.

"You are in danger of becoming both," she said, promptly. "Once I saw better things in you. I thought I had won me a friend, and that for once I might put my anchor down. My husband neglects me—so much cannot have escaped your eagle eye. He is twice my age, and he thinks more of you, more of Councillor von Dessauer, more of his horse, than of me, Ysolinde of Plassenburg. And I was made to be loved and to love. How much of either, think you, have I ever known? The true lot of a woman shut to me, the sweet love of man and woman not for me, even the communion of the spirit not for me. I may as lief carry a wizened nut-kernel within my brain-pan as a thinking soul, for all that any one cares. I am a woman of another age stranded on the shores of a time made only for men. I am the woman of the Eden priests talk about, or perhaps rather the witch-woman Lilith on the outside of the wall! Or I may be the woman of a time yet to come, when she who is a man's mate shall not be only a gay-decked bird to sit on his wrist, tethered with a leash, and called back to her master with a lure."

These things I had never listened to before, nor, indeed, thought of. So that, though I could not answer her, I felt in my heart that she was wrong, and that a woman has always power over men, stronger than all ideals, philosophies, kingdoms—aye, even our holy religion itself.

"After all," I said, piqued a little at her tone, as men are wont to be at that which they do not understand, "Lady Ysolinde, wherefore should you not tell these things to the Prince, your husband, and not to me, who am neither your husband nor your lover?"

"And if you had been both?" she interjected, a little breathlessly.

"Then, my lady," I replied, stirred by her persistence, "you would have obeyed me and served me just as you say. Or else I should have broken your spirit as a man is broken on the wheel."

It was a prideful saying, and one informed with ignorance and conceit. Yet the Lady Ysolinde gave a long sigh.

"Ah, that would have been sweet too," she said. "You are the one man I should have delighted to call master, to have done your bidding. That had been a thing different indeed. But you love me not. You love a chit, a chitterling—a pretty thing that can only peep and mutter, whose heart's depths I have sounded with my finger nail, and whose babyish vanity I have tickled with a straw."

This was enough, and too much.

"Madam," said I, "the clear stars are not fouled by throwing foulness at them; nor yet the Lady Helene—whom I do acknowledge that with all my heart I love—by the speaking of any ill words. You do but wrong yourself, most noble lady. For your heart tells you other things, both of the maid I love and of me that am her true servant, and, if I might, would be your true friend."

The Princess reached out her hand, looking not with anger, but rather wistfully at me, like a mother at a son who goes to his death with blasphemy on his lips.

"Forgive me," she said, gently. "I would not at the last have you go thinking ill of me. Indeed, you think all too well, and make me do things that are better than mine intent, because I know that you expect them of me. I have done many ill and cruel things in my poor life, simply from idleness and the empty, unsatisfied heart. If you had loved me or taught me, I might have tried better things. Perhaps in the end, for great love's sake, I may yet do one worthy deed that shall blot out all the rest. Farewell!"

And without another word she moved away, and left me in the green pleasaunces of the garden, with my heart riven this way and that, scarce knowing what I did or where I stood.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAPTAIN KARL MILLERSON.

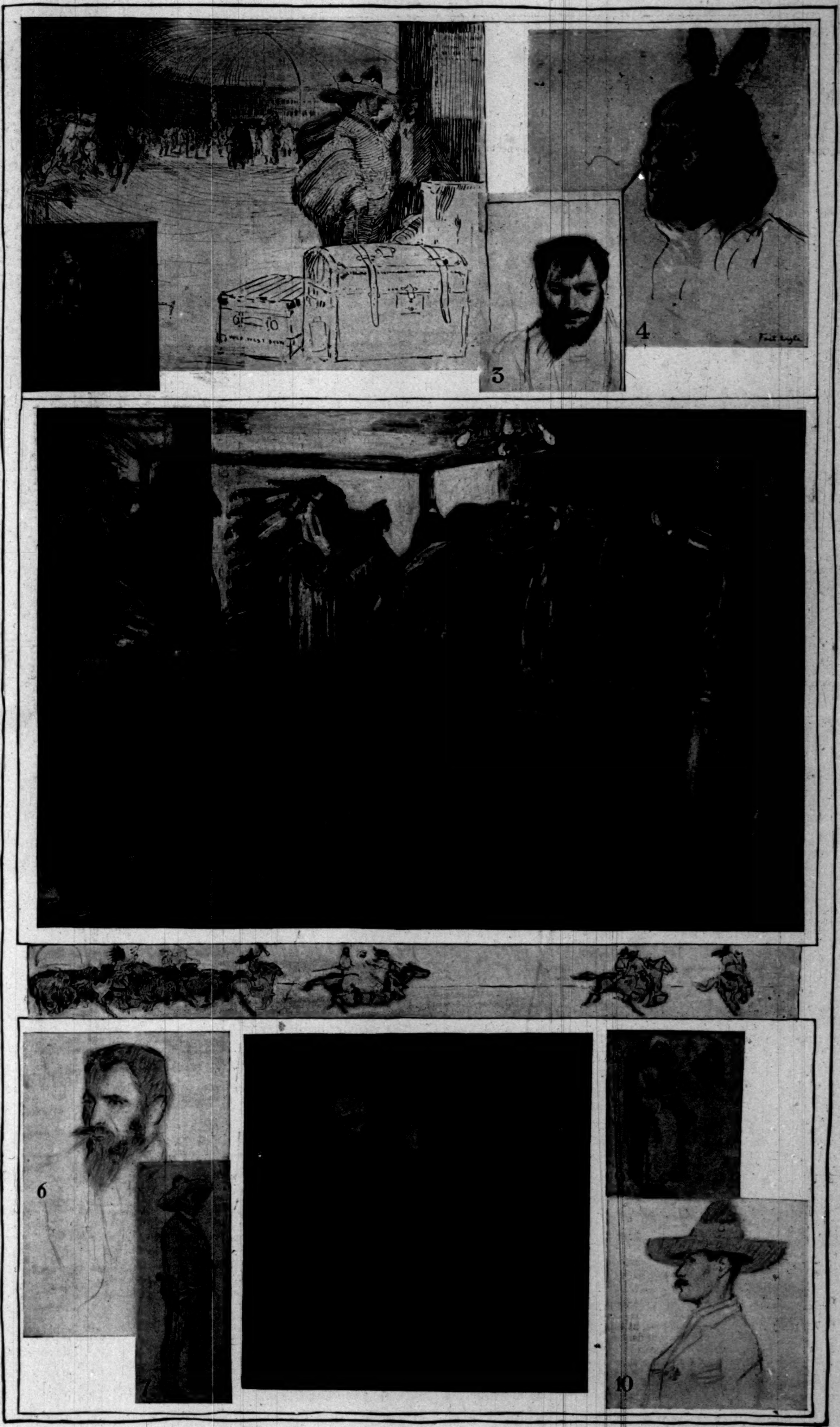
BLACK, blank, chill, confining night shut us in as Leopold Dessauer and I rode out of Plassenburg. Our horses were ready for us at the little water-gate in the lower garden. Fain would I have taken Jorian and Boris, but on this occasion the fewer the safer. For to enter Thorn was to go with lighted matches into a powder-magazine.

The rushes in the river rustled dry and cold along the brink. The leaves of the linden-trees chuckled overhead, rubbing their palms together spitefully. There was mockery of our foolhardy enterprise in the soft sough of the water as I heard it lapper beneath the ferry-boat that lay ready to cross to the other side. Old Hans the ferryman snored in his boat. Above in the women's chambers a light went to and fro. I judged that it was in the bower of the Lady Ysolinde. But not a string of my heart moved. For pity is so weak and love so strong that all my nature was now on the strain forward towards Helene and the Wolfsberg, like an eager hound that pulls at the leash.

"My love! my love!" I cried in my heart, "I am coming to you; I am going out to find you! Though I die for it, I shall at least see and touch you ere I die."

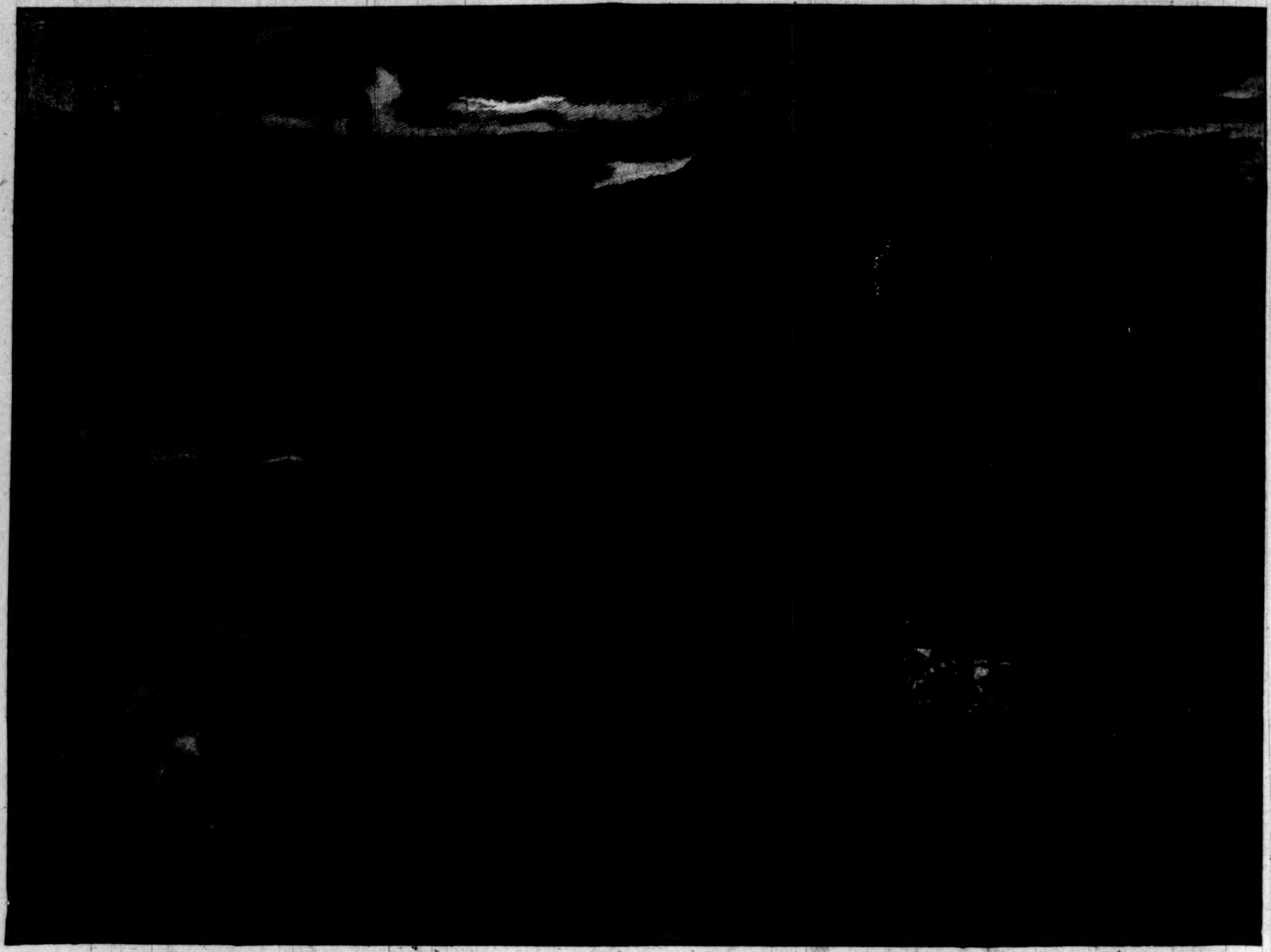
For during these last days my love had grown greatly upon me, being of that kind which gathers within a man, banks up, fills out his crevices, and he knew it not. In the Wolfmark there are oft, in the limestone, caverns where the water sleeps deep and cool, while above, on the thin, rocky crust, the sun beats, and the very lizards die for lack of moisture. It was only now that I had broken up the crust of my nature and found the caverns under, where love was abiding undreamed of, deep and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE "WILD WEST" SHOW.—Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

1. Morning Practice. 2. "Flat Iron." 3. Cossack. 4. "Fast Eagle." 5. The Indians' Dressing-Room. 6. Cossack. 7. Mexican. 8. "Iron Tail." 9. Cossack. 10. Mexican.



"A FIGURE DARK AGAINST THE SKY.... IT WAS IN SHAPE A HORSEMAN SITTING HIS STEED ON THE CREST OF THE HILL."

eternal as the sea. It is a great thing and a beautiful to meet love for the first time face to face, not to nod to only, and to know how great and masterful he is—to say: "Love, I am yours. Do with me that which seemeth good to you. I was strong; now in your hands I am become weak. I was proud; now I am glad to be humble and kneel, waiting your word. You have made life and death the same thing to me for the sake of the Beloved. I am ready to take either from your hands!"

But enough. We were riding out of the dark pleasaunces of the palace, and the leaves were rustling and the sedges blowing. That was what began it, carrying away my thoughts.

Dessauer rode behind me, letting his horse follow mine. For, being used to the visitation of the outposts, I knew the ground thoroughly.

At every hundred yards we were halted, and I answered. For I had posted the men myself, and made sure that Plassenburg should not again be taken by surprise. On the other hand, I had determined that the spoiled should now be made despoiled, and that the foul den of the wolf should be cleansed as by fire.

Then, like the breaking up of the Baltic ice in spring, the thought ran through me—my father and the maid of the Red Tower, what of them?

Why, at the very first (so I told myself) I should set a guard of the best troops in Plassenburg about the Red Tower, and carry them all, Helene, my father, and old Hanne, to a safe place till Prince Karl and I had made an end. With our stark veterans swarming in Thorn, that would easily be done. And so the plan abode in the imagination of the heart.

We were soon out on the darksome, unguarded road, and after that I steered chiefly by the lights of the palace behind me, Dessauer saying no word, but riding like a man-at-arms behind me.

We had reached the crown of the green hill up which the path to the Wolfmark winds—the path by which, doubtless, Helene had travelled the night of the duel.

As I came to the summit, mounting the steepest part slowly, I was aware of a figure dark against the sky, no more apparent than a blacker patch of night where all was dark. It was in shape a horseman sitting his steed on the crest of the hill.

Instantly I drew my pistol, in which I had become expert.

"Your name and business?" cried I to the shape on the hill-side. For, indeed, none had any right to be abroad so near the city of Plassenburg, armed cap-a-pie, at that time of the night. And for a moment the thought flashed upon me that the tales we had heard might, after all, be true, and the armies of the Wolfmark nearer than we dreamed of.

"Hugo — von Dessauer!" cried a voice well known and ever dear to me—the voice of my master, the Prince Karl.

"The Prince!" cried I. "My lord, what do you here? This is madness! You, who should be within the walls of the palace, with the guards watching three deep about you! What would come to the State of Plassenburg if we wanted you?"

"Oh," said he, lightly, falling in beside us naturally, "you and von Dessauer in dual control would be a singular improvement on the present head of the State. You, Hugo, would keep the soldiers to their work, and von Dessauer could look to the treasury."

"But who would look to us and be a gracious and beloved master to us?" said I. "My Prince, we must instantly return and put you in safety!"

"Indeed, that will you not. By God's truth, if I am not to come all the way to the city of Thorn with you, I will at least convoy you to the edges of the Mark. It is so dull being month by month at ease within the castle, and not nearly so much fun as it used to be when I was a poor captain of a free company under the old Prince. Young rattling blades like Dessauer and yourself make no allowance for the distractions of an aged and gouty Prince."

Within myself I felt some amusement stir. It was almost exactly what the Princess, his wife, had alleged as a reason for her wanderings. I could not help marvelling why these two had not found out their great affinity to one another. But now I see that this very likeness of nature was the first cause of their lack of agreement. Like may, indeed, draw to like, as the saw hath it. But in the things of love like and like agree not well together. Fair desires dark, stout and stark desire slender, slow desires quick, severe desires gay (though often secretly). And so the world goes on, and in another generation sprung from these desirings once more dark desireth fair and fair dark.

There I am at it again. Oh, but I, Hugo Gottfried, am the wise man when I set out of my disquisitions. I could new-make all the saws of the world, set instances to them, and never breathe myself.

"Nay," said the Prince, "all is safe set within and without, thanks to my brave commander and wise Chancellor, and these things can e'en bide till I go back to them. Consider that I am but a captain of horse going a-wooing and needing to talk gayly for good comradeship by the road. Call me the Captain Millerson."

So Captain Millerson rode with Herr Doctor Schnidt and his servant Johann. And the merry time the three of us had till we arrived at the borders of the Mark.

I have not time nor yet space (though a great deal of inclination) to tell of the wondrous pranks we played the broad-haunched countrywomen we rallied (or rather whom Captain Millerson rallied, and who mostly gave as good as they got, or better, to that soldier's huge delight); the stout yeoman families in whose midst we went, and their opinion of the Prince. "A good man and a kindly," so the man said; "he has given us safe horse, fat cow, a quiet life. But yet the old was good too. The true race to reign is ever the anointed Prince."

"But he harried you. And worse, he let others plunder you. And that is not the fashion of Prince Karl, usurper though he be!" said the Prince.

"Nay," said the honest man, "usurper is he not—a God-sent boon to Plassenburg rather. We love him, would fight for him, all my six sons and I. Would we not, chickens?"

And the six sons rolled out a thunderous "Aye, fight—marry, that we would!" as they sat plaiting willow baskets and mending bows about the fire.

"But, alas! he is cursed with a mad wife, and after all, he is not of the ancient stock," said the ancient man, shaking his head.

And the Prince answered him as quickly, tapping his brow significantly with his forefinger: "Are not all wives a little touched? Or are you fortunate in your part of the country? Faith, we of the city will all come courting to the Tannenwald if you are better off."

"We are even as our neighbors!" cried the yeoman, shrugging his shoulders. "Maul, what sayeth thou? Here is a brisk lad that miscalls thy clan."

The goodwife came forward smiling, comely, and large of bone.

"Which?" said she, laconically.

The farmer pointed to the Prince. The matron took a good look at him.

"Well," she said, "he is the one that should know most about us. He has been married once or twice, and hath gotten certain things burned into him. As for this one," she went on, pointing to Dessauer, "he may be doctor of all the wisdoms, as ye say, but he has never compassed the mystery of a woman. And this limber young spark with the quick eyes, he is a bachelor also, but desires to be otherwise. I wot he has a pretty lass waiting for him somewhere."

"How knew you that, goodwife?" I cried, greatly astonished.

"Why, by the way you looked up when my daughter came dancing in. You were in your lost brown study, and then, seeing a pretty lass that most are glad to rest their eyes upon, you looked away disappointed or careless."

"And how knew you that I was of the ancient guild of the bachelors?" asked Dessauer.

"Why, by the way that you looked at the pot on the fire, and sniffed up the stew, and asked how long the dinner would be! The bachelor of years is ever uneasy about his meals, having little else to be uneasy about, and no wife to teach him how to be patient."

"And how," cried the Prince, in his turn, "knew you that I had been wedded once?"

"Or twice," said the woman, smiling. "Man, you cackle it like a hen on the rafters advertising her egg in the manger below. I knew it by the fashion ye had of hanging up your hat and scraping your feet—not after ye entered, like these other good, careless gentlemen, but with your knife, outside the door. I see it by your air of one that has been at once under authority and yet master of a house."

"Well done, goodwife!" cried the Prince. "Were I indeed in authority I would make you either Prime Minister or chief of my thief-catchers."

And so after that we went to bed.

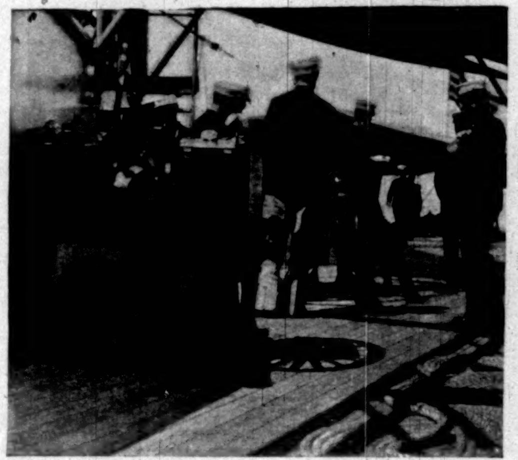
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

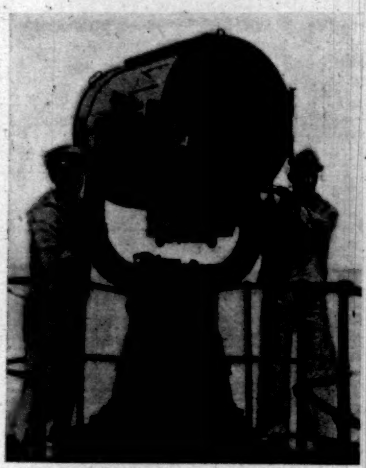
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "INDIANA" VISITS THE "NEW YORK."
Marine Guard coming to "Present Arms."

SECOND DIVISION AT QUARTERS.

STRIPPING FOR ACTION.

LIEUT. COFFIN. LIEUT.-COM. POTTER. CAPTAIN CHADWICK. LIEUT. MULLIGAN.


THREE-POUND FIELD-PIECE. GUARD UNSTACKING ARMS.


PORT SEARCH-LIGHT.

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

JUNIOR OFFICERS.

GROUP OF CREW.

ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK," AT KEY WEST.—VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

WASHINGTON.

April 25, 1898.

We have passed a stirring week. Warfare is now in progress between the United States and Spain not merely in a figure of speech, but actually. Morro Castle has opened fire upon our ships of war lying off Havana, and though the fire was not returned, it was only because Spanish marksmanship was so poor that our ships did not feel seriously endangered by the attack.

Besides this, our war-ships have been making prize captures of Spanish freight-carriers. One of those brought in is valued, ship and cargo together, at about a half million dollars.

The President has sent to Congress a message recommending a formal declaration of war, so that the status of our movement as a belligerent may be plainly defined. And Congress has adopted a joint resolution to this effect.

Secretary Sherman is about to retire from the head of the Department of State, owing to impaired health and the necessity for having a man in full physical and mental vigor for this position during the present international complications.

The struggle between the two chambers of Congress over the Cuban resolutions which was in progress last Monday ended at two o'clock Tuesday morning, when a compromise was reached by the adoption of the Senate's resolutions, omitting the clause recognizing the present insurgent "republic" as the lawful government of Cuba.

These resolutions were presented to the President on Tuesday afternoon, and considered by an adjourned meeting of the cabinet. It was decided then, as the House had meanwhile adjourned until the following day, and therefore could not receive at once the notice of the President's approval, to lay the whole matter over for the night. About half past eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning the President signed the resolutions, and at once had their text cabled to Minister Woodford at Madrid, with instructions to present to the Spanish government a note containing the demand of the United States for the withdrawal of the armed forces of Spain immediately from Cuba. The Spanish government was allowed until Saturday noon to make its answer.

The only notice taken at Madrid of this action was the presentation to Minister Woodford of his papers of safe-conduct. This occurred before he was able to present the ultimatum. He reminded the Spanish government that this was equivalent to a declaration of war on its part, and at once withdrew to Paris, leaving the affairs of the legation in the care of the British ambassador. His exit from Madrid was the signal for a noisy mob demonstration, though no violence was attempted upon the person of the minister.

Meanwhile, simultaneously with the issue of the ultimatum, a copy thereof was served upon the Spanish minister in Washington, who, by the hand of the same messenger, returned a note asking for his passport. It was furnished him without delay, and he took an early train for Canada, where it is supposed that he will spend some time, keeping in touch with matters here for the benefit of his home government.

On Wednesday the Spanish Cortes began its session at Madrid, and the Queen Regent delivered the speech from the throne in person. Referring to the headlong haste with which "a section of the people of the United States," seeing that the schemes of the plotters against the sovereignty of Spain were likely, through the successful operation of autonomy, to be frustrated by the free action of the people of Cuba, precipitated the present crisis, and to the probability that the Washington government would "yield to the blind current," she added:

"The supreme decision of Parliament will doubtless sanction the unalterable resolution of my government to defend our rights, whatever sacrifices may be imposed upon us in accomplishing this task. . . . Although a dark and gloomy future is before us, the difficulties are not beyond our powers. With our glorious army, navy, and united nation before foreign aggression, we trust in God that we shall overcome without stain on our honor the baseless and unjust attacks made upon us."

The speech was received with demonstrations of the greatest enthusiasm.

Immediately after the final passage through both Houses of Congress of the resolutions which made intervention in Cuba a certainty, orders were issued to every military department for the despatch of all the troops who could be spared to the rendezvous near the Gulf of Mexico, equipped for the coming campaign. Within a few hours about 16,000 armed men were on the move eastward and southward. The points chosen for their temporary occupation are Chickamauga Park, Tampa, Mobile, and New Orleans.

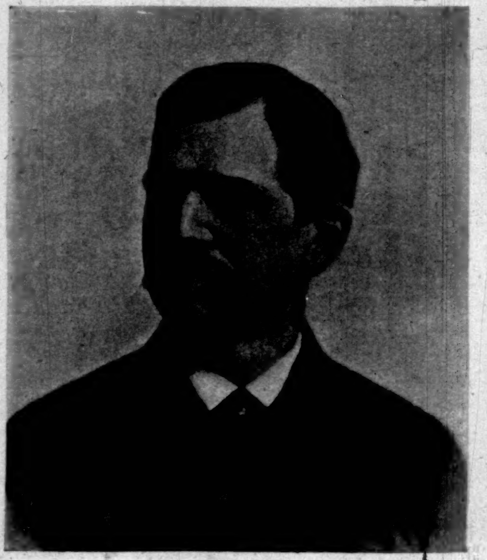
The Spanish war-ships *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*, which sailed mysteriously from Havana a few weeks ago, were reported on Tuesday as arriving at the Cape Verde rendezvous. On the following day news reached our Navy Department that the *Pelayo*, the most powerful battle-ship in the Spanish navy, had joined the fleet. A rumor was current immediately thereafter that the entire fleet gathered at the Cape Verde Islands had started westward, its destination unknown. At a special meeting of the cabinet, called on Thursday to consider the retirement of Minister Woodford from Madrid, it was decided to order the Key West squadron to sail. This was done at once.

The squadron which sailed on Friday morning proceeded first to Havana and blockaded the entrance to the harbor. At the same time the President issued a proclamation that the United States "have instituted and will maintain a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, including ports on said coast between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast." Neutral vessels which happened to be at any of these ports at the establishment of the blockade were given thirty days to clear. On Saturday enough war-ships were detached from the main squadron to make this proclamation effective as to all the coast covered by its terms. At the time of beginning the blockade of Havana the only Spanish naval vessel of any consequence in the harbor was the *Alfonso XII.*

The first shot actually fired in the war was sent across the bows of a 1700-ton Spanish merchant ship on Friday, from one of the guns on the gunboat *Nashville*, by order of Commander Maynard. The merchantman was the *Buena Ventura*, bound for Rotterdam, Holland, with a cargo of pine lumber from Pascagoula, Mississippi, valued at about $20,000. Her captain surrendered promptly, and was astonished when informed that a state of war already existed between his country and the United States. His crew, consisting of twenty-eight men, were taken over to the *Dolphin*, which was somewhat short of coal-passers, and set to work in the hold. Other small prize captures followed.

Representative Hull introduced in the House on Tuesday a bill providing for the temporary increase of the army in time of war. It was designated, to distinguish it from the Hull bill which was recommitted some time ago, the volunteer army bill. It proposed to divide the army in time of war into two organizations, the regular and volunteer, the latter to be maintained only during the existence or imminence of war, and to be raised only when Congress authorizes it. All the regimental and company officers of the volunteer army were to be appointed by the President upon the recommendation of the Governors of several States, subject to such examination as may be prescribed as a test of fitness. This was expected to do away with the objection raised against the first army bill by the enemies of the regular organization, but the House was not yet satisfied. One of the first things it did was to revise this provision, and confide the appointment of the officers of the volunteer army to the Governors themselves. With a few amendments, both House and Senate passed the bill in time to send it to the President on Friday afternoon, when it was considered at an adjourned cabinet meeting.

The next morning the President signed the bill and issued a proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers, "the same to be apportioned, as far as practicable, among the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia, according to population, and to serve for two years unless sooner discharged!" In order to avoid the unnecessary transaction of public business on Sunday, the notice of each State's apportionment was not sent out till to-day.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH,
The New Postmaster-General.

That afternoon Representative Dingley introduced in the House a bill "to provide ways and means to meet war expenditures," which contains the fruit of careful consideration by the Republican majority of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was at once referred to the full committee, which is expected to report it back in time to let it go over to the Senate and become a law before the end of the week, unless obstructed by debate. The bill provides for the issue of $500,000,000 worth of three-per-cent. bonds, and for the further issue, if necessary, of Treasury certificates to the extent of $100,000,000, bearing three per cent. interest, but payable within one year. To meet these extraordinary demands, a system of internal taxation is prescribed. The tax on beer is raised from $1 a barrel to $2; this is expected to provide $35,000,000 of revenue. Taxes of various sorts on tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, etc., including a license fee to be paid by merchants and peddlers engaged in the trade, are expected to yield $25,000,000. A tonnage tax on vessels employed in foreign commerce is estimated at $2,000,000. A stamp tax on documents, telegrams, steamship tickets, etc., is down for $30,000,000; and another stamp tax on wines, mineral waters, proprietary medicines, perfumery, and other sundries is still indefinite. As a whole, the committee looks to the bill to yield between $90,000,000 and $100,000,000 a year.

On Thursday, in the midst of all the excitement of the opening war, occurred the second break in President McKinley's cabinet. Postmaster-General Gary's resignation, and the appointment of Charles Emory Smith, of Pennsylvania, to succeed him, were announced without warning. Mr. Gary's retirement was attributed to the uncertain state of his health; but it has been an open secret from the first of the acute stage of the Cuban agitation that, while perfectly loyal to the President, he has set his face persistently against war, and in this regard has differed seriously with some of his fellow-cabinet-members.

Mr. Smith, the new Postmaster-General, will be remembered by the public at large for his service as minister to Russia under the Harrison administration. In the days of the Conkling régime in New York he was editor of the Albany *Journal*, and, at the Republican National Convention of 1876 and the State conventions for a number of years later, had the most active share in framing the party platforms. He left the *Journal* about 1880 to take the editorship of the Philadelphia *Press*, which has steadily improved and prospered under his control. It is now the chief mouth-piece of the anti-Quay Republicans of Pennsylvania. Mr. Smith is not only a clever editor and political strategist, but an orator of uncommon ability. His appointment decidedly strengthens the cabinet. He is a native of Connecticut, and fifty-six years old.

The government has chartered the four fine steamships of the American line—the *St. Paul*, the *St. Louis*, the *New York*, and the *Paris*—as cruisers for the auxiliary navy. Captain Sigsbee, who, since his return from the scene of the *Maine* disaster, has been acting as aide to the Secretary of the Navy, has been assigned to command the *St. Louis*. The *New York*, since she duplicated a name already belonging to one of the regular cruisers, has been rechristened the *Harvard*, and the *Paris*, owing to her foreign name, has been styled for naval purposes the *Yale*. The auxiliary navy has been further increased by the purchase of the crack steamer of the Ward line the *Yumuri*, and the Old Dominion steamer *Yorktown*. The famous war-ship *Nictheroy* has been bought of Brazil.

Rear-Admiral Sicard, who was relieved from command at Key West on account of ill health, has recovered enough to resume work, and has been assigned to duty at the Navy Department as chief naval adviser to the Secretary.

The Spanish consuls in the principal seaboard cities advertised last week that they would send out of the country, at the expense of the Madrid government, any Spanish subjects who preferred not to stay here after the outbreak of the war. Very few, and those generally laborers who had been unable to find employment here, availed themselves of the privilege. The largest embarkation was from New York, and numbered only twenty-five of the poorer class. A half-dozen cabin passengers sailed on the same steamer. The consul at Boston says that a number of Spaniards in that city expect to go a little later, but that he shall not leave the United States himself for some time.

It now appears unlikely that either Spain or the United States will resort to privateering during the coming war. Our Department of State has announced officially that we have no intention of doing so; and an intimation has been received here from London that if Spain attempts to issue letters of marque, the British government will interfere and compel her to desist. Spain will probably utilize her better class of merchant ships not as privateers, but as an auxiliary navy, thus relieving their operations of any taint of piracy.

Francis E. Leupp.

NAVIES OF SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

A recent issue of the *Scientific American* publishes a table giving details of the navies of the world, "prepared by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, United States army," and "corrected from the latest official reports on file at the War Department, December, 1897."

A summary of the "batteries" of the navies of Spain and the United States is given graphically herewith by means of two pairs of thermometers. By this it appears that Spain's naval armament is very much inferior to that of this country.

This summary includes all guns reported in the table referred to—that is, the total armament of battle-ships of the first, second, and third classes, vessels for coast defence, cruisers of all descriptions, and first-class gunboats.

On battle-ships of all classes, this report gives Spain but 86 guns, all told (46 heavy and 40 light), while it gives the United States 478, all told (154 heavy and 324 light).

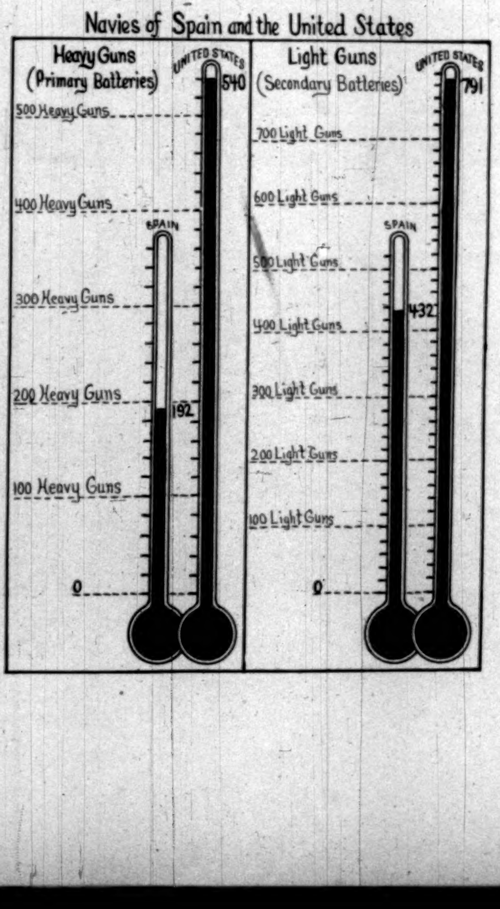
The vessels carrying these armaments number 40 in the Spanish navy, and 72 in that of this country. Of naval vessels of all other descriptions (namely, gunboats, second and third class, torpedo-boats, torpedo-boat-destroyers, hulks, and stationary vessels, subsidized vessels, and miscellaneous vessels) Spain has 123, and the United States 125. Of "obsolete vessels" the report gives Spain 59, and the United States 11.

While the "batteries" of heavy guns and light guns are the armaments depended upon for daytime naval fighting, there yet remains the modern and supposedly powerful equipment of torpedo-boats to be taken into account for night attack and foggy-weather operations and battle-smoke assault.

In this regard Spain's navy greatly outranks that of this country. The report summarizes 56 torpedo-boats for Spain, while it credits our own navy with but 21.

Should these little monsters prove as effectual as theory would make them appear, then Spain's naval equipment much more nearly balances that of this country.

These studies are of special interest at the present moment; and yet, if our present naval force be the true heritage of our naval ancestry, mere count of equipment measures but a fraction of our sea-fighting potency.



FO'C'SLE BAND ON U. S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."

A LITANY OF THE FREE.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

From Himalaya's frosty shades,
From Cachmir's roselit glades,
Thy pure of heart and pure of breed,
We defied the iron-crested Mede
With the challenge of that fearless cry.
And the desert bloomed from the deathless seed
That Glory strews where heroes die.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

When Conquest's bloody hand
Had blasted the fertile land
We made the bitter and turbulent sea
The ward of our hope and trust in Thee
Against oppression's craven guiles.
And ocean hugged with stormy glee
Our daring empire of the isles.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

From Gades to Baltic our sails
Were the drums of mustering gales
That curdled and blanched the trembling veins
Of the tyrants who ravaged the fair domains
We won from the wilds of forest and shore.
What to us their sordid and sin-bred gains?
For Thou and Thy sea are our friends evermore!

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

Ye brought us to a land
On whose earth-circling strand
Wrong shall not nurse her viper brood,
Nor the weak and helpless be subdued
To bondage or awe of hand or mind,
While the leagues of the pathless deep include
This refuge and help of wronged mankind.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

JOHN MALONE.

FLYING SQUADRON.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD U.S.S. "COLUMBIA,"
FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA. *April 22.*

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S Flying Squadron is like its commander—ready for whatever may come. From the technical point of view it is a curious combination of ships, utterly lacking in homogeneity. The flag-ship *Brooklyn* is an armored cruiser, fit to fight almost anything afloat, and faster than any ship in the Spanish navy; the *Massachusetts* is a battle-ship of the first class, a match for any ship that sails under the red and yellow of Spain. The *Texas*, a lucky ship and a "happy" ship now that Captain "Jack" Philip has got her, is a battle-ship of the second class, faster than the *Massachusetts*, but not so heavily armed or armored, yet bound to do her share of whatever work is cut out, and with the new turret gear designed by Lieutenant Harseler, about four times as efficient as when first commissioned. The other two ships, the *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, technically known as protected cruisers, are built not to fight war-ships, but to prey on the commerce of the enemy, and their safety lies in their amazing speed. They are the fastest war-ships afloat, and belong properly to a flying squadron.

But homogeneous or heterogeneous, the Flying Squadron is an aggregation of ships whose performance in this war will bear watching, and for two things—the character

(Continued on page 429.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS is manufactured by C. W. ABBOTT & Co., Baltimore. Signature on label. —[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

THE continuation of the spring opening of ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., Broadway and Nineteenth Street, still attracts wide attention. These displays are looked forward to from season to season with pleasant anticipations, not only by the large clientèle with whom this house is in favor, and who await the exhibition to decide finally what the style will be, but numerous women visit the display from an artistic point of view. Beautiful and elegant indeed are the imported and domestic costumes, wraps, and waists, as well as the exquisite materials that delight the beholder. The novelties in silks, mulls, bengalines, grenadines, gauzes, and other lovely fabrics are well worth the high praise they receive.

A stylish Paquin gown is of a lovely soft gray fabric, embroidered in bow-knot effect, of fluted ribbon of the same shade. The bodice is on the Russian-blouse style, with full vest of écru lace. Among the elegant evening toilets is a Raudnitz of black gauze, having the appearance of being inserted with lovely lace and woven with wide bias-effect tucks. The bodice is made in an indescribable pretty fashion, the garniture being turquoise taffeta, with edging of Cluny insertion and lace. One of the models from Sara Meyer is an exquisite gray brocade, with cream appliqued trimming forming an apron-like front. The back of the skirt has a most graceful arrangement with sash-like folds, and the bodice is composed of the silk decorated with fine plaitings of chiffon, lace, and mousseline de soie. A very handsome Worth gown is of spangled and appliqued black lace over white satin. The bodice is encircled with a turquoise velvet belt, and the garniture at the throat is of the same shade of velvet. A sash elaborately trimmed with narrow plaitings and ruffles of chiffon and jet form part of the decoration of the trimming of the skirt in the back.

On the second floor may also be found an infinitely large display of Paris lingerie, peignoirs, negligées, taffeta-silk petticoats, and beautiful silk waists. The Children's Department possesses unique attractions in the way of pretty frocks of every description, besides reefers and suits.—[*Adv.*]

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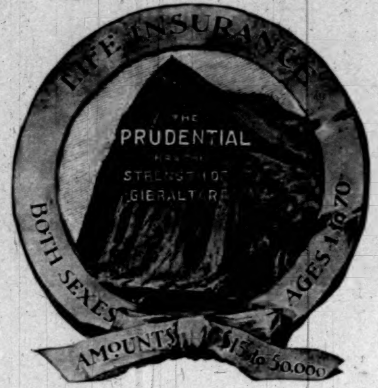

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They cost the maker nearly double our present price. They are in the same handsome printings which you find in the very choicest of the Organdie Lawns. The patterns are principally floral—light, graceful, dainty summery designs of flowers and leaves on black grounds. There are also many patterns of dots, stripes, and figures in white on grounds of navy blue, black, and heliotrope. Five Cents a Yard, only.

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It is whispered in mercantile circles that Piqués are bound to become scarce before the summer is over, for the demand for them is great and growing. That makes this chance all the more important. They are very pretty goods, *self-striped* in cadet and Yale blue, cardinal, and black.

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We have twenty-two thousand yards of the choicer kinds of summer silks here, which we offer to you at less than the regular importer's wholesale prices. You can buy by the yard at less than we can usually buy by the thousand yards in foreign markets. All are French and Swiss goods, rich in check and small plaid patterns, new and pretty and desirable. A few hints of price and pattern follow, but samples will tell more.

At 50c. a yd.—1000 yards of rich colored Bengalines; the raised cord is filled with a little cotton; 18 colors.

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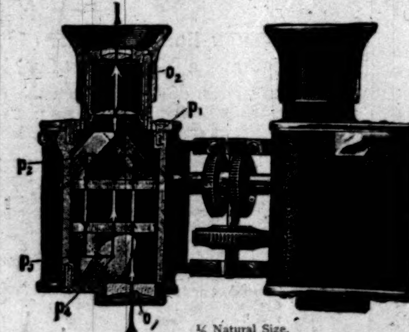

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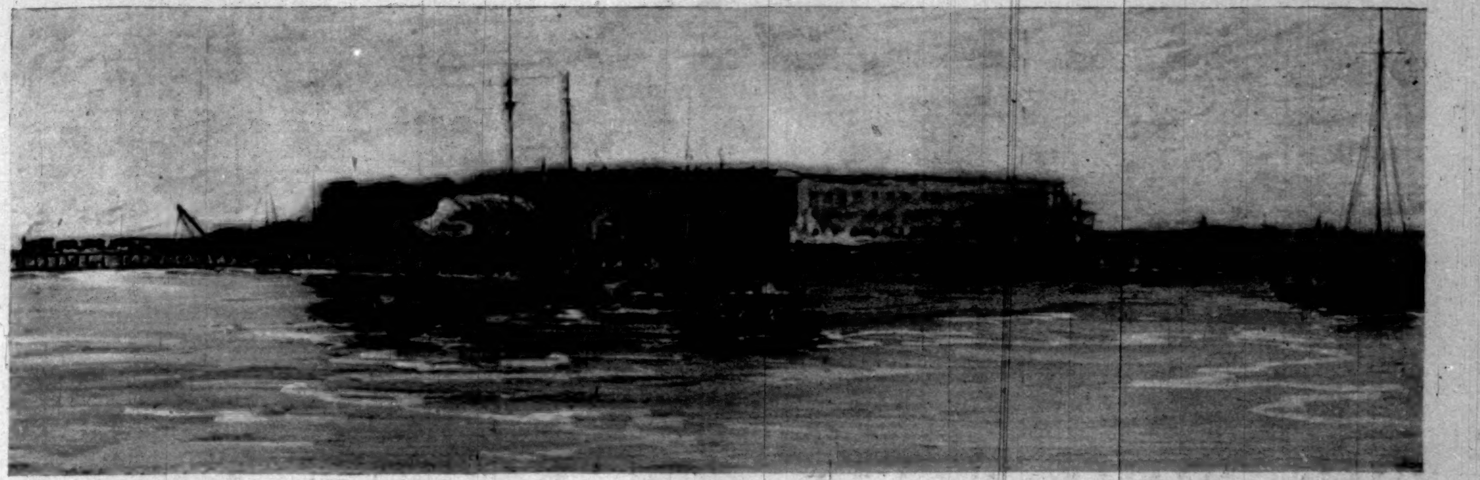

KEY WEST—OLD FORT TAYLOR AND THE COAL-DOCK PIER.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

AMATEUR · SPORT

For the present MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be in the field, as the chief correspondent of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *in the war between the United States and Spain. Amateur Sport, accordingly, will necessarily receive somewhat less attention than usual, but contributions upon important topics connected with this department, including* MR. WHITNEY'S *articles on "Big-game Hunting," will be printed as often as the pressure of immediate news matter will permit.*

(Continued from page 427.)

of the officers and the temper of the men. No commander-in-chief of a squadron ever had a better or a finer set of officers to carry out his will than are gathered in these ships to follow the lead of Commodore Schley. From fighting "Jack" Philip, the senior captain, down through the list of commanders to Jewell of the *Minneapolis*, who has been wearing his eagle only a few months—Higginson, Sands, and Cook—they are alert, active, strong, self-reliant men, who have proved their worth and demonstrated their pluck.

The temper of the men is illustrated by two things. The ships have been here three weeks, close to many of the delights to Jacky's heart. There has been work all day, and every day, sometimes even on Sunday, with never a minute's shore leave, and yet there has been no sort of complaint. Never have men jumped into their work more willingly. Never have men worked harder or accomplished more. The flag-ship and the two battle-ships have been in commission more than a year, and their crews are drilled to a marvellous state of efficiency. The officers joined the two commerce-destroyers five weeks ago. Their crews are nearly two-thirds green men, some of whom have never been to sea before, and some of whom came to the ships after the cruisers joined the squadron. Yet in the little time they have had they have settled down like veterans, and this morning, when the call to "general quarters" was sounded on the *Columbia*, every gun and division was ready for battle in less than five minutes. It was wonderful work.

Willingness and adaptability always have been characteristics of the sailor-men in the United States navy. There is a third which has won many battles in the past, and will maintain its amazing efficiency in the future—that is straight shooting. I have seen the men of every ship in this squadron at target practice, and what they can do is a matter of fact and not of theory. It is wonderful and terrible. When the squadron was out for evolutions and drill, one morning was given to sub-calibre practice. In that work a small rifle is fitted into the breech of the large gun, and fired. The practice is in effect with the big guns, but the cost is so small that many rounds may be fired for the cost of one service charge. At that morning's sea-work the sea was what a landlubber would call rough. In the language of the sailor-men a "stiff breeze" was blowing. The targets were set at 800 and 1000 yards. To get elevation enough for the small rifles to carry that far the big guns were aimed as if at targets 4000 yards or more away. With ships pitching and rolling, and targets bobbing up and down, the gunners displayed an accuracy of aim and judgment which will make it extremely uncomfortable for an enemy's ship, and almost impossible for a torpedo-boat to live long enough to endanger one of the ships. Not a shot fell far from the mark, and many struck the targets. Every man in the gun crews took his turn at the firing, and the poorer marksmen were kept at it. It was a convincing demonstration of the truth of the old saying that "the best defence against an enemy's fire is a well-directed fire of your own." These fellows will take care of their own fire, and it will be fast and deadly in its accuracy. How they can shoot!

Every day of the waiting has added to the efficiency of the ships. Every drill has increased the certainty of victory. Two of the elements of victory are contempt for the enemy and reliance on self. Both of these the men of the Flying Squadron have. Not that they underestimate Spanish prowess; they despise Spanish tactics and treachery, and they are confident that if it comes to a naval engagement, the fight will not be long. Liberty and freedom are words to conjure with, but, for the men of the squadron, "Remember the *Maine!*" is a battle-cry that can lead to but one result. There is a lowering of the voice, a compressing of the lips, when the great disaster in Havana Harbor comes up in the talk, that shows what the hearts of the bluejackets feel. The *Maine* is the call with the men, whatever Congress may resolve or oratory may declare, and a bitter penalty Spain will pay before our men get full satisfaction for the murder of their comrades. It was the coxswain of the *Columbia's* launch who made this declaration of the feeling of the men. Some one called out to him,

"There will be no war; Spain will give up Cuba."

Like a pistol-shot came the answer, "Will she give back our bluejackets?"

It has been a weary wait in some ways. It is not easy to go about one's work with the contingency of war hanging in an unknown balance. But the officers have borne themselves well, and their wives have shown the cheerfulness and courage that befit women whose husbands are about to go to war. It seems now as if the call could not be delayed for long. When it does come, it will find a ready response, and one worthy the history and tradition of the American navy. It is a beautiful thing to see how men and officers love and reverence the flag. This afternoon a merchantman was passed by one of the war-ships, and dipped her ensign. It happened that on the cruiser the men were very busy, and no one saw the salute for a minute or so. The man who had dipped his flag stood holding it in his hand, waiting for the war-ship's response. The officer of the deck caught sight of him.

"Jump aft there," he shouted to a sailor-man, "and dip that ensign! My God! here's a man standing with the American flag in his hand, and no one to answer him!"

In mess-room, quarters, and on deck, among officers and men, the talk is of the war and our part in it. No one knows when we shall go, or what we shall be sent to do, but with unfaltering confidence, and with resolute willingness and determination to do the best that in them lies for the nation and the flag, the officers and the men of the Flying Squadron calmly await the call to action. For some of them perhaps it will be the last call. A shotted hammock in a tropic sea may be their station in their last watch and division bill, but they're ready for the quick beat, and God will take care of the rest.

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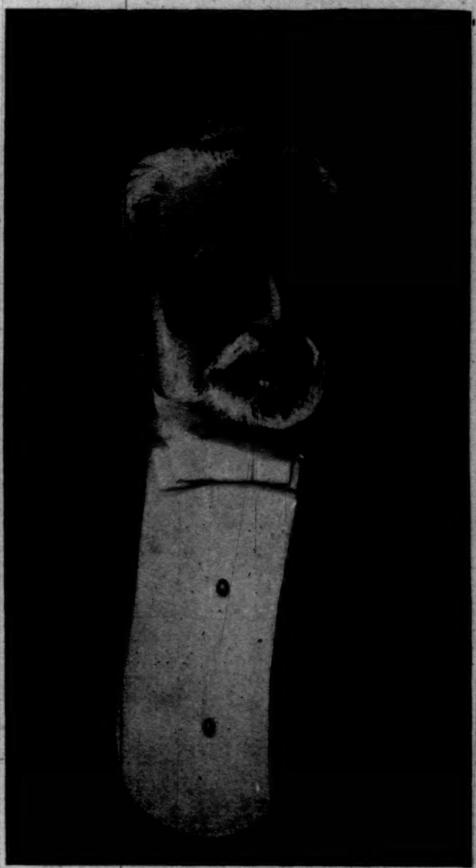
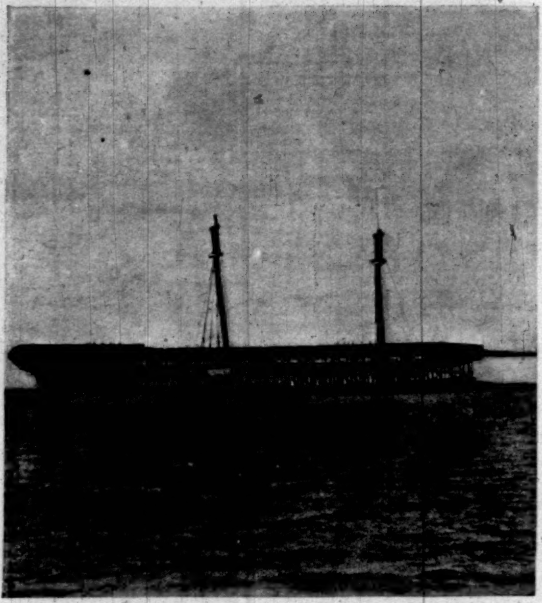
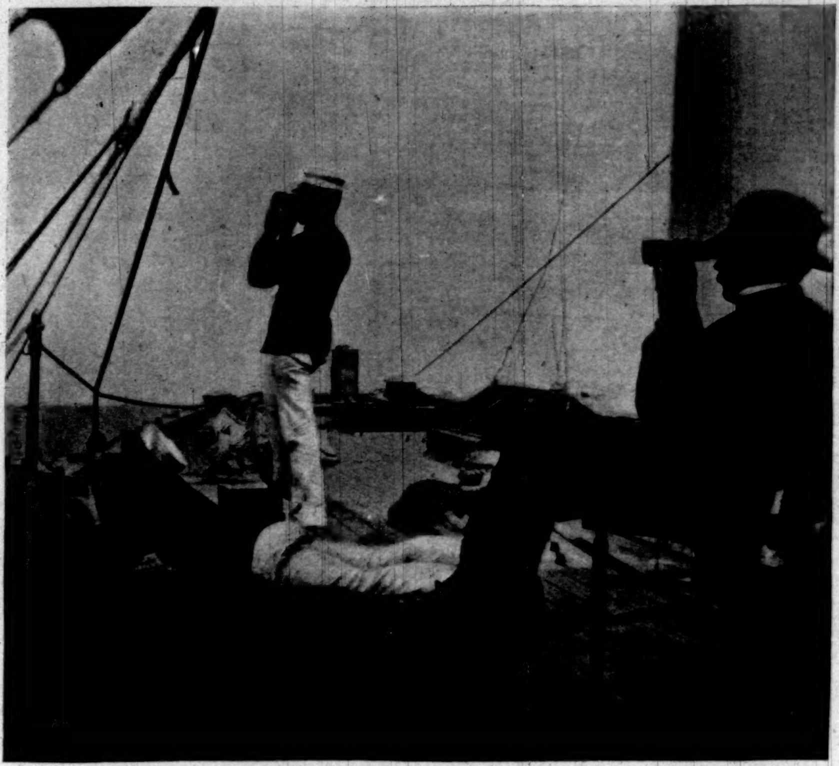


PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA, PRIME MINISTER OF SPAIN.

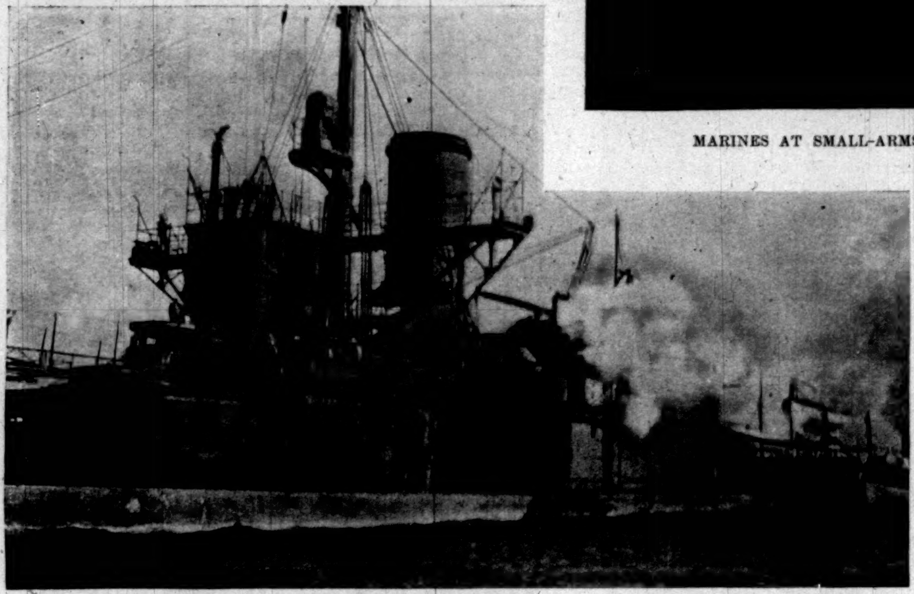


OLD HULK USED AS TARGET BY "MARBLEHEAD."

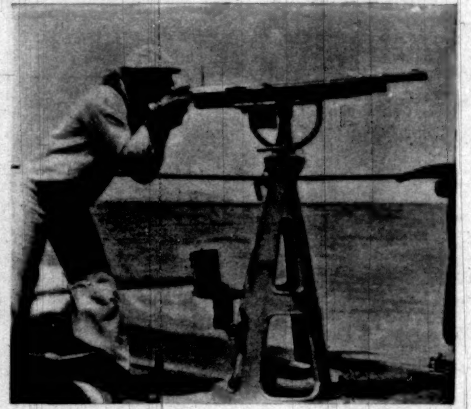


Commander McCalla.

MARINES AT SMALL-ARMS TARGET-PRACTICE, U. S. S. "MARBLEHEAD."



SECONDARY-BATTERY TARGET-PRACTICE, U. S. DOUBLE-TURRET MONITOR "TERROR."



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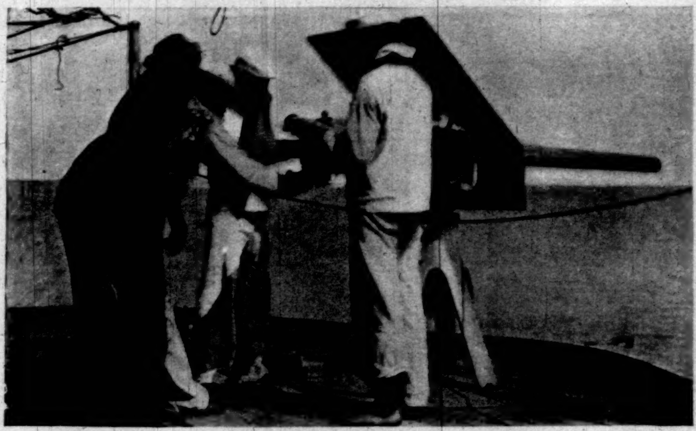
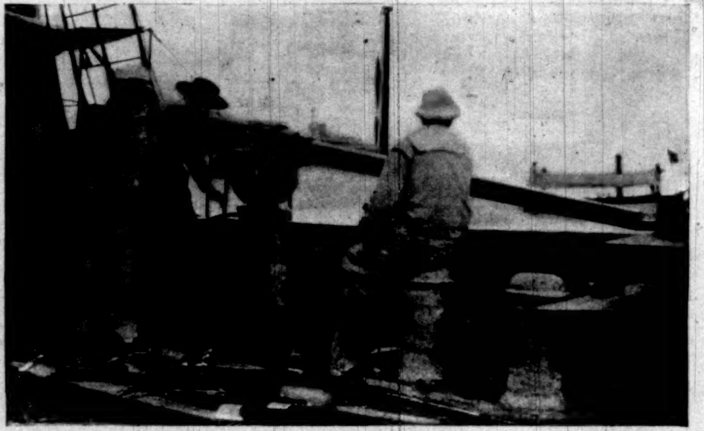
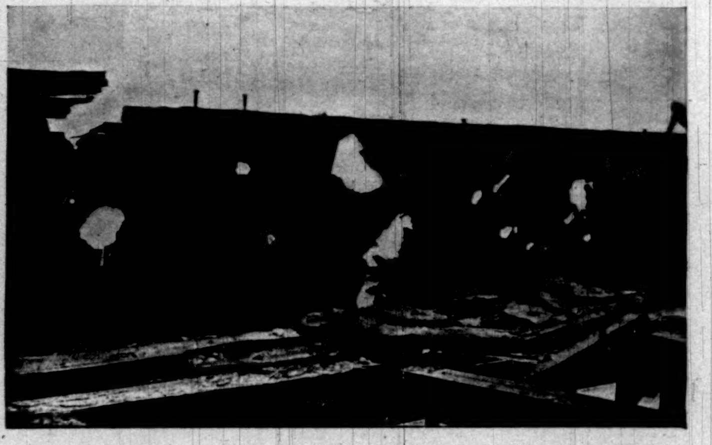


SIX-POUNDER RAPID-FIRE GUN, U. S. S. "MARBLEHEAD."



INSTALLING A RAPID-FIRE GUN ON U. S. LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE."

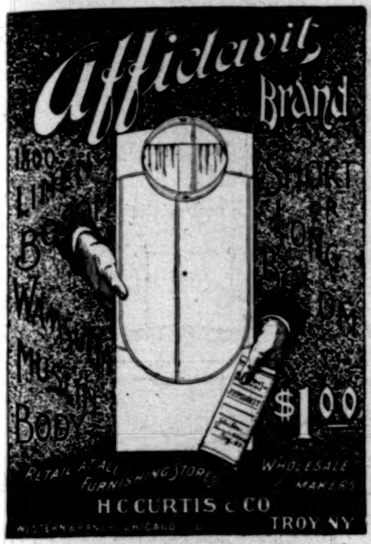
"HANDLE WITH CARE!"—AMMUNITION FOR THE WAR-SHIPS.



EFFECTS OF "MARBLEHEAD'S" TARGET-PRACTICE ON AN OLD HULK.

A WARNING TO SPAIN—TARGET-PRACTICE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, KEY WEST.

Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."



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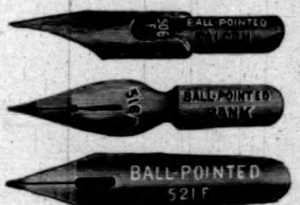

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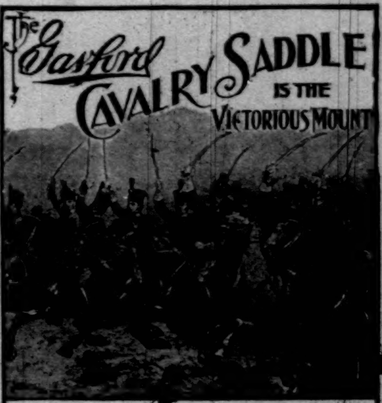

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